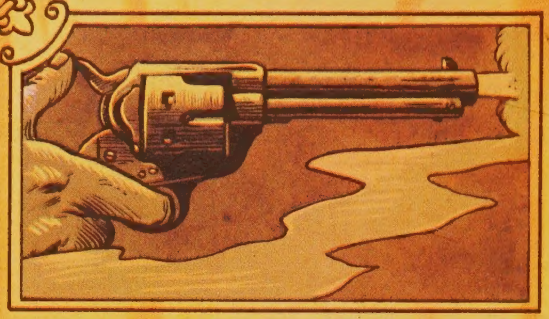
NUMBER TEN

Buffalo Bill

Wild West Annual



TOMB

Arizona

1880

SAFFORD ST.

Stage Robber Pete Spence lived facing the Earp residences

To Sonora

St. Paul's Church

R.I.P.

To Goodhill

Dunbar's Corral

Aztec House

The Earps lived in these houses

1ST. ST.

West End Corral

Mexican Quarter

2ND. ST.

Chinese Quarter

Wells Fargo Corral

Hy's Photograph

Assay Office

O.K. Corr

ALLEN ST.

Mountain Maid Mine was in Chinese Quarter

O.K. Fight 1881

3RD. ST.

POPULATION.. 5000 INCREASING TO 15000. SKETCHES OF BUILDINGS APP AS THEY WERE IN THE 1880'S.... REFERENCES:- "TOMBSTONE'S EPITAPH" BY DOUGLAS D. MARTIN. "WELCOME TO TOMBSTONE" BY JAN OLSSON. "TOMBSTONE 1882" MAP BY DON BUSKIN. "HE CARRIED A SIX-SHOOTER" BY STUART N. LAKE. "TRUE WEST" VOL. 2. NO.4. "THE AMERICAN WEST" BY BEEBE AND CLEGG. ONLY MAIN INCIDENTS AND BUILDINGS ARE SHOWN. EVEN IN 1958 THE TOWN IS STILL "TOO TOUGH TO DIE, AND OLD BUILDINGS STILL STAND.

To Bisbee

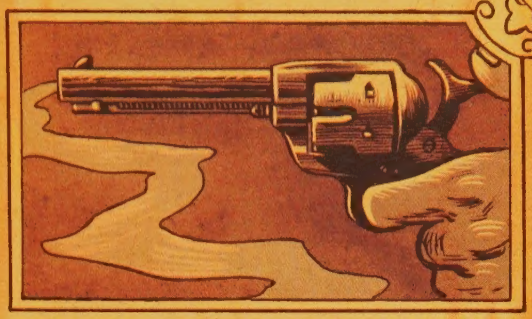
To Fort Huachuca

Blinn's Lumber Yard

Cochise County Courthouse

STONE

Territory



1882

Residences along this section of Safford St.

5TH. ST.

6TH. ST.

Newspaper Office

Nobles Hotel

Bogart's Plays in Shieffelin Hall.

Schieffelin Hall

Hart's Gun Shop

San Jose Lodgings

Charlie Storms killed by Luke Short outside the Oriental 1881

Frank Leslie killed Billy Clairborne near the Oriental. 1882

FREMONT ST.

Frank Leslie killed Mike Killeen near Commercial 1880.

City Hall

Can Can Restaurant

U.S. Mail

Post Office

Morgan Earp was killed in Hatch Saloon 1882

Gun Shop

Commercial Hotel

Occidental Sal.

Alhambra Sal.

Hatch's Sal.

EAGLE BREWERY

Oriental Saloon

Virgil Earp wounded outside Oriental 1881

Cabins and Cribs

Wyatt Earp disperses a Lynch Mob outside Vogan's Bowl's Alley in 1881

Curly Bill Killed Marshal White 1881

4TH. ST.

and Stables

Vogan's

Grand Hotel

Rues Lodgings

BIRD CAGE THEATRE

Bird Cage Theatre

TOUGHNUT ST.

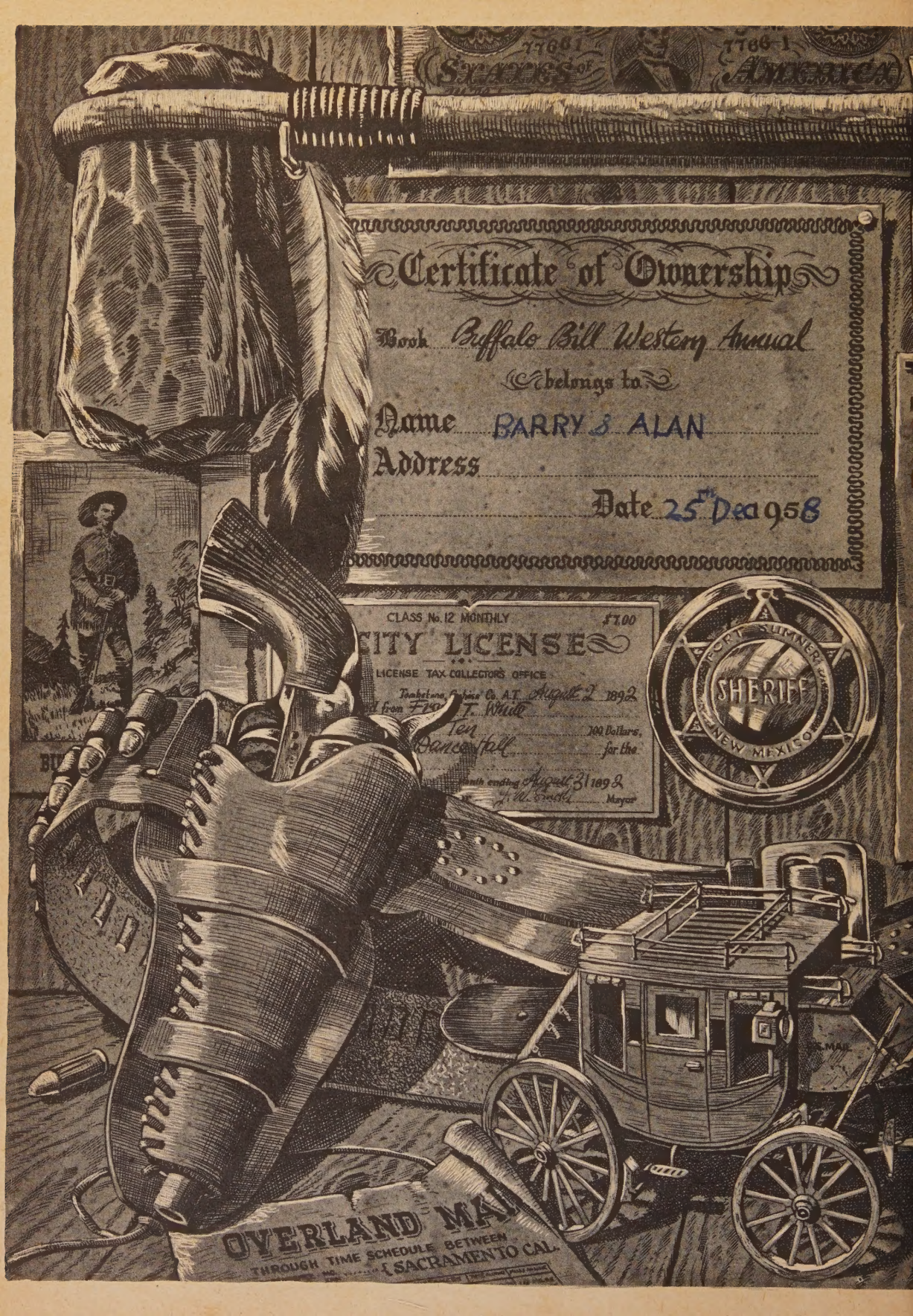
Cabins

Miner's Cabins

Fire House

N

dime toughlin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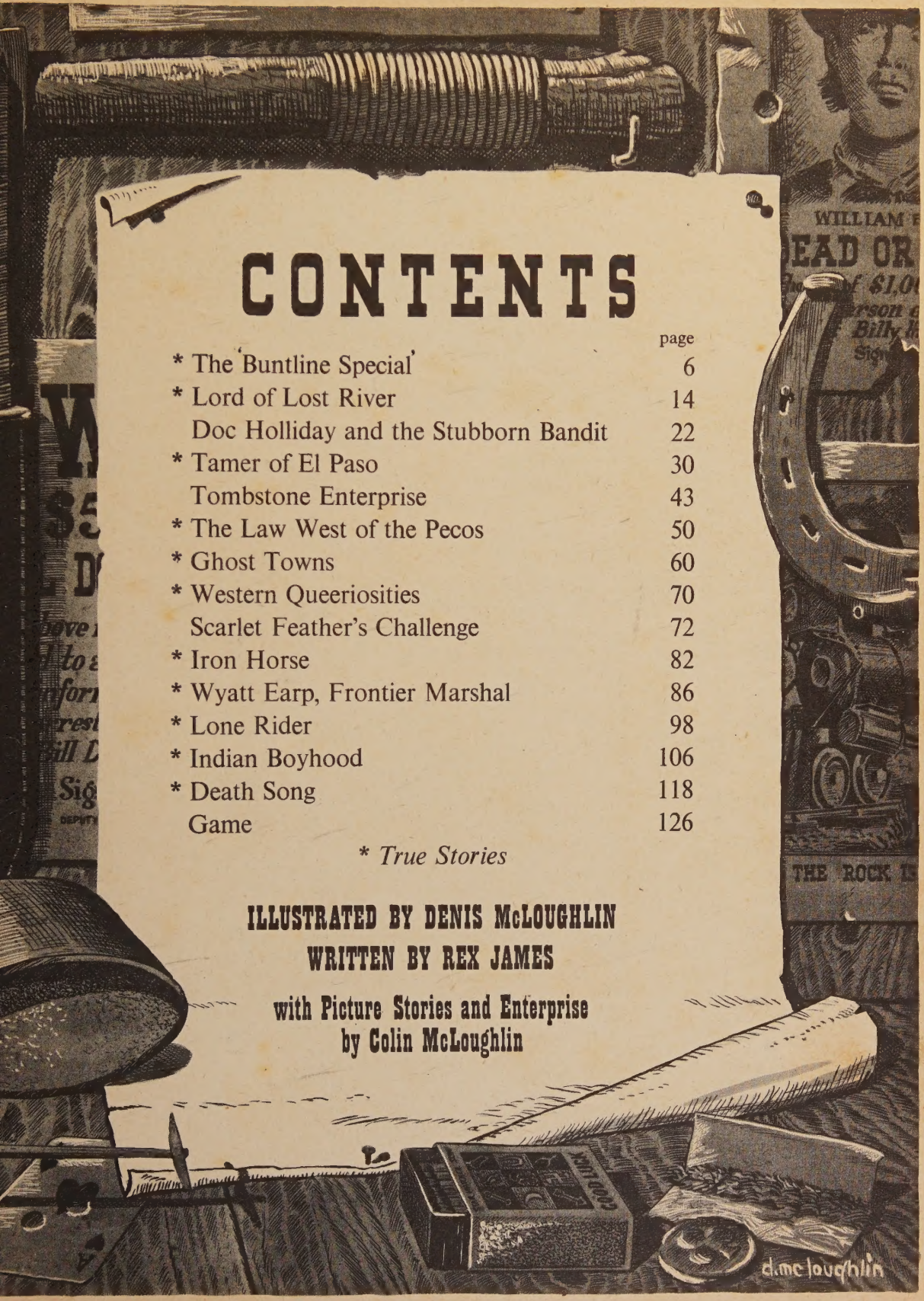

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** True Stories*

ILLUSTRATED BY DENIS McLOUGHLIN

WRITTEN BY REX JAMES

with Picture Stories and Enterprise by Colin McLoughlin

Wyatt Earp using his Special at Tombstone's O.K. Corral Oct. 26, 188

BUNTLINE SPECIAL

THE TROOPERS of B Company, Seventh Cavalry, were relaxing after a hard day's patrol. Darkness had fallen and they were lazing round the camp-fire smoking and talking. Buffalo Bill Cody, their Chief of Scouts, poured himself a mug of steaming black coffee and handed the big pot to the young soldier nearest to him.

"Thanks, Bill," grinned the trooper. "Say, there's something I'd like to ask you. As you know, I come from back East and haven't been with the Seventh very long, so I've a lot to learn about this territory. What I want to know is—are all those stories Ned Buntline has written about you true?

"I've heard tell you're one of the greatest buffalo hunters in the West, and I know you're a mighty fine scout, and a crack shot with your six-shooters and rifle, but, man alive, some of the things Ned claims you've done take a bit of swallowing!"

"They sure do, Joe!" chuckled the stalwart scout. "Makes me look kind of a fool at times. I wish old Ned would stick to the facts, but he just can't help exaggerating the true tales I've told him. He claims he's made me famous—and I reckon he has with all the dime novels he's written about me. I'm a hero all right—a paper hero!"

"I wouldn't say that, Bill," protested a veteran trooper. "You're a hero in your own right. You've proved that often enough. But I agree, some of Ned Buntline's tales about you are kind of far-fetched! What's he like? Has he ever been anything besides a writer?"

"He's been about everything! His own experiences make mighty interesting reading. His whole life so far has been a series of adventures. I'll tell you a little about him if you like," offered Cody.

"Do that, Bill," chorused the troopers, who always enjoyed listening to the yarns of the famous Buffalo Bill Cody.

"Well," began the scout, settling himself comfortably against his saddle which served as a pillow, "Ned Buntline isn't his real name, only the one he always writes under. Bet you don't know where he got the name from? A buntline, my friends, is a rope used for hauling up a sail. It goes from the foot-rope of a square sail up to the masthead and then on to the deck! You see, Ned spent nine years at sea.

"He ran away from home when he was ten because his father wanted him to study law and the boy didn't fancy it. One day after spending hours poring over a law book and not understanding any of it, he threw it on the fire in utter disgust. When his father thrashed him soundly for it, he went straight down to the docks and signed on a West Indian schooner as a cabin-boy. And that was the start of his adventuresome life.

"After five years he left the Merchant Navy and joined the Navy where he was promoted to midshipman. It was then that he decided to write some stories about his experiences at sea. But he couldn't write under his own name—which, by the way, is Elmo Zana Carroll Judson—because of some uncomplimentary things he had written about his captain! So he settled on the name of Ned Buntline.

"He stuck the Navy for four years and then came ashore. During the Civil War he served in the Union Army—he was born in New York in 1823. He got to be a sergeant; but for some reason I've never been able to understand, he saw no fighting! He finally lost his stripes for deserting!"

"I thought he was a colonel," broke in the young trooper.

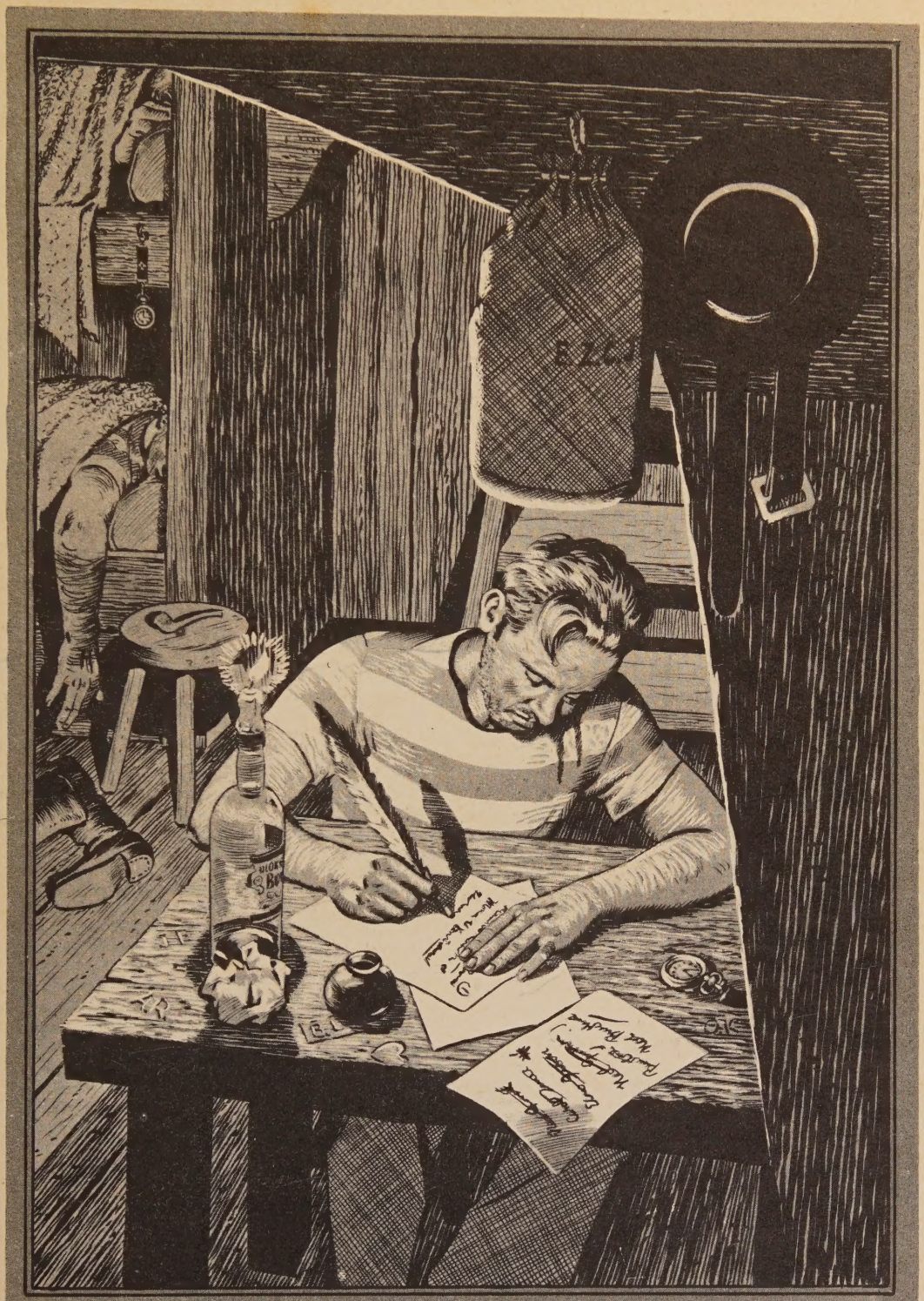
"No," smiled Cody. "That is a rank he bestowed upon himself after the war. He's no more a colonel than you are!

"Ned is good company. I don't know if any of you have ever seen him. He's got red hair, is short and stockily built and has a limp caused through a broken leg which was the result of his jumping from a third-floor window, some fifty feet up, down on to rocky ground! He was apparently being chased by a mob who was after his blood for some escapade or other. He was always getting into trouble. I've lost track of the number of riots, shootings and duels in which he was involved! He's settling down a bit now, but some of his past adventures make mine seem very tame!

"You've got to hand it to Judson, he sure can write. He's written about two hundred novels, and one of them he claims he wrote in sixty-two hours—six hundred and ten pages written almost non-stop! That must have taken some doing!"

"Where did you first meet him, Bill?" asked a trooper.

"At Fort McPherson. Judson went there to ask Major Frank North, who was then the white chief of the Pawnees, if he could write about him, but Frank wasn't keen and suggested



Ned Buntline in the U.S. Navy

Buntline meets Buffalo Bill Cody

that Ned approach me, which he did. I didn't mind, especially as it meant I'd get paid for the stories I told him, and at the time I was what you might call hard up! So the extra money came in mighty handy.

"It was at Fort McPherson that I loaned Ned my pony, Powder Face. He sure was delighted with the horse, and wrote about him once. Mighty fine pony he was, full Indian breed. Light buckskin with long black tail and mane. Smartest horse I ever had. He could outrun any other living creature, I reckon. I've run him hard for ten hours at a stretch and he never showed signs of weakening. And swim—why, Powder Face could swim any river as easily as a beaver, no matter how strong the current. But that's enough about Powder Face, I'm getting away from Ned!"

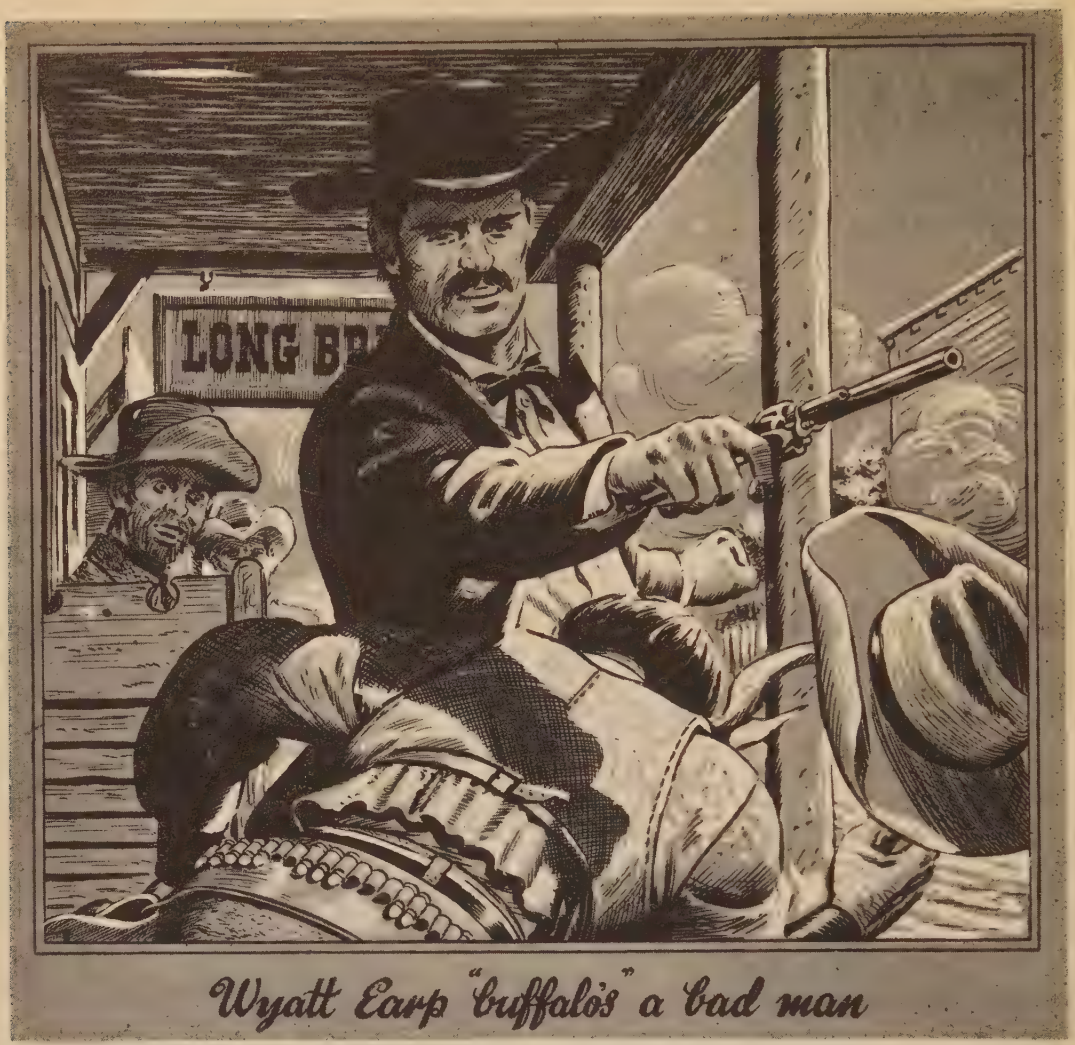
"He never gave you a 'Buntline Special', did he, Bill?" asked another soldier.

"No. I reckon Ned figured he'd done enough for me by flooding the country with his Buffalo Bill Dime Novels," replied the scout with a smile.

"Just what is a 'Buntline Special', Bill?" asked young Joe. "I've heard of them, but have never seen one."

"Then you want to go to Dodge City and see Wyatt Earp," replied Cody. "He's got one. So has young Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Charlie Bassett and Neal Brown.

"There were only five 'Buntline Specials' ever made. Judson spent some time in Dodge City getting material for his stories, and to show his appreciation for all the help the peace officers had given him, he had five guns especially made for them. They are all Colts but are known as 'Buntline Specials'. The name 'Ned' is carved on each walnut butt.



Wyatt Earp "buffalo's" a bad man

"They are forty-five calibre, single-action six-guns. But the barrel of these special Colts is a foot long—a little over four inches longer than the standard Colt."

Cody paused and drew one of his own pearl-handled Colts from its holster.

"The barrel of mine," he continued, "which is—as you can see—the Frontier model known as the 'Peacemaker', has a seven-and-a-half-inch barrel. The 'Buntline Special' is eighteen inches from muzzle to butt, so it is a long gun to handle."

"I should have thought the long barrel would have slowed down the peace officers when they drew," remarked a soldier.

"Well, that's purely a matter of opinion," replied Cody. "Wyatt Earp, Charlie Bassett and Neal Brown handle theirs easily enough. Mind you, they had to practise drawing a lot at first, but they soon mastered the long barrel. Holsters were issued with each 'Special', and it meant wearing their holsters a little lower on their hips, but they soon got used to that.

"Wyatt claims it's his favourite gun and he always carries it. He can draw it as fast as his 'Peacemaker', which is his left-hand gun. He uses the 'Special' far more than his other Colt; and as he prefers, whenever possible, to 'buffalo' a bad man rather than shoot him, he finds the long barrel ideal! It's just right for bashing culprits over the head!

"Bat Masterson and Bill Tilghman, on the other hand, found the long barrel cumbersome, and as it slowed them down on the draw they cut their barrels down to standard length.

"I must say the 'Buntline Special' is a very handy weapon, for it can also be used for long-range shooting—with its original long barrel. All one does is simply remove the butt and fit a rifle stock which is supplied with each gun.

"It was a mighty fine gesture on Ned's part to have the guns made for the Dodge peace officers. Sensible too. So often Ned's schemes and antics are hare-brain! I'll never forget the first time I met him at Fort McPherson. He was loaded down with gold medals and badges—at least twenty of them strung across his chest! I was somewhat impressed, naturally, until he told me they were all badges of secret societies he'd joined or founded!

"He had a mania for joining things. He couldn't resist joining the Temperance Society, but his membership was very short-lived, for he was asked to give a lecture on the evils of alcohol, and turned up drunk—tight as a coot he was! Poor old Ned!" chuckled Cody. "He's a character all right—but a very likeable one.

"When last I saw him he was talking about writing a play and calling it the 'Scouts of the Plains'. He thought it would have great appeal to the public if I, Texas Jack Omohundro, my old buddy, and Ned himself took the leading roles! Tex and I, being real scouts, would be cast as original heroes. He thinks of having ten Indian warriors leaping about the stage too! Tex and I would have to kill them all at the end of the performance, of course.

"Maybe one day when I've given up scouting I'll have a go at play-acting, though I'd rather face a herd of stampeding buffalo than an audience! That would scare me stiff!

"Well, lads, that's about all. Guess we'd better get some shut-eye now. We've got a lot of miles to cover tomorrow."

There was a general movement round the campfire as everyone settled down for the night. Buffalo Bill pulled his army blanket up over him, covered his face with his hat, bade his comrades good-night and promptly fell asleep.

"He sure is interesting to listen to," murmured the young trooper. "We're mighty lucky to have him for our scout."

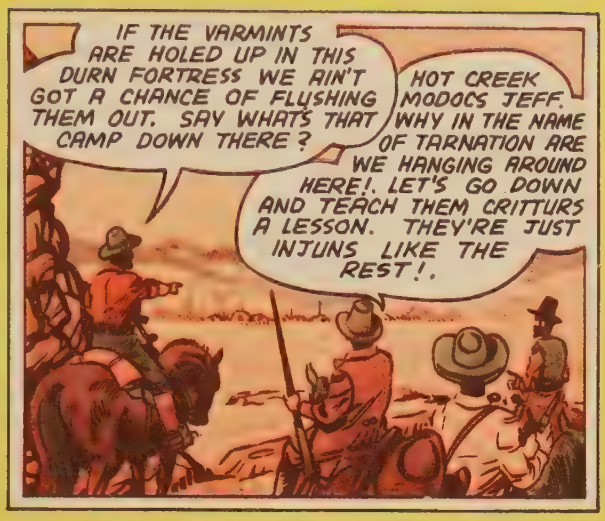
"Yeah, they don't come any nicer than Bill Cody," agreed an older trooper close by. "He was a great feller long before Ned Buntline ever made a paper hero out of him. Good night, all. See you at the crack of dawn!"

Within a few moments the only sounds in the camp were the snores of the tired troopers and the measured tread of the sentries who marched up and down keeping their silent vigil throughout the night.

LORD OF LOST

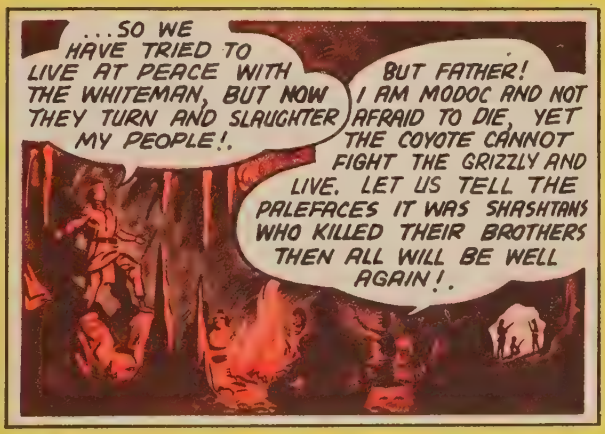
IN THE YEAR 1853, THERE LIVED ON LOST RIVER, CLOSE TO THE LAVA BEDS WHICH LIE ON THE CALIFORNIA-OREGON BORDER, A PEACEFUL LITTLE TRIBE OF INDIANS, WHO, UNTIL THAT FATEFUL YEAR, HAD LIVED IN FRIENDSHIP WITH THEIR WHITE NEIGHBOURS. THEN A SERIES OF INCIDENTS OCCURRED WHICH CAUSED THESE MODOC INDIANS TO ENGAGE IN ONE OF THE MOST SAVAGE AND COSTLIEST INDIAN WARS TO EVER TAKE PLACE IN AMERICAN HISTORY. EARLY IN 1853, A WAGON TRAIN BOUND FOR CALIFORNIA WAS ATTACKED BY A LARGE WAR PARTY OF SHASTANS, AND THE FEW SURVIVORS WHO REACHED YREKA TOLD OF THE MURDEROUS ATTACK. AS A RESULT, A POSSE OF MINERS WENT IN HOT PURSUIT.

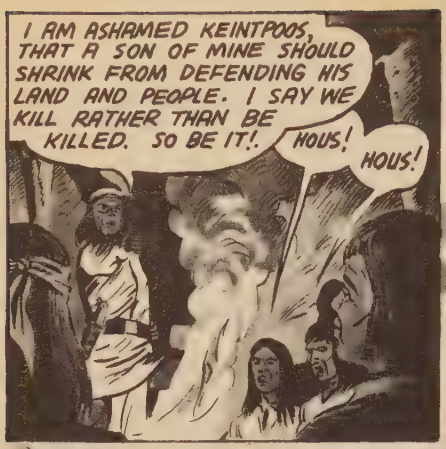
RIVER



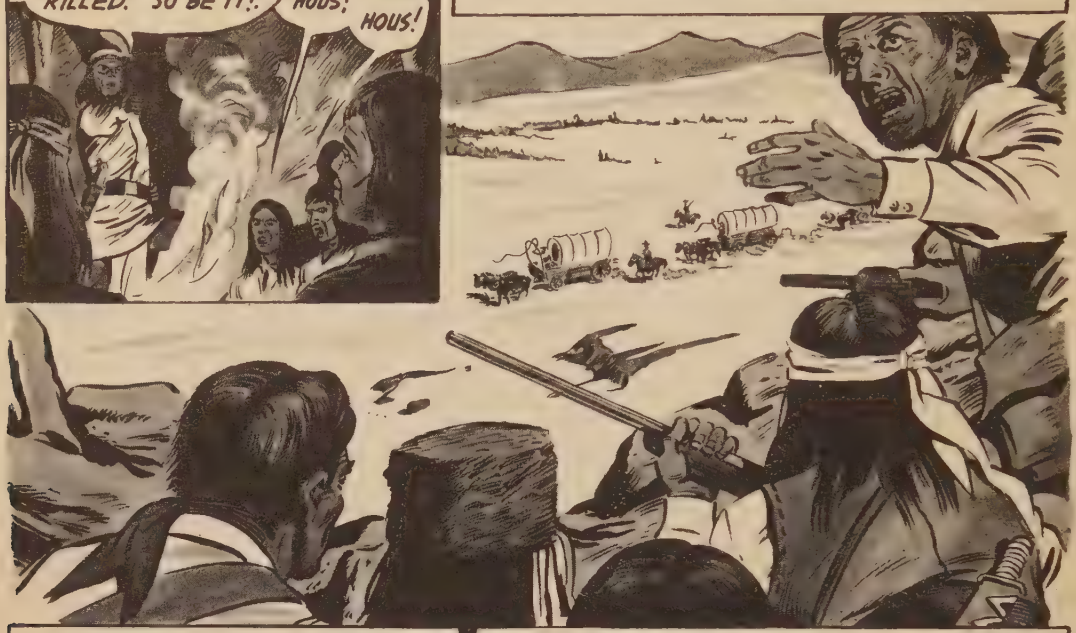
SO, INFLAMED BEYOND REASON BY THE ATTACK ON THEIR FELLOW WHITES, THE POSSE SWOOPED DOWN ON THE DEFENCELESS LITTLE MODOC CAMP.

SHORTLY AFTER THE MASSACRE, COMBUTWAUSH HEAD CHIEF OF THE SURVIVING MODOCS HELD COUNCIL IN ONE OF THE LAVA BEDS MANY CAVES.



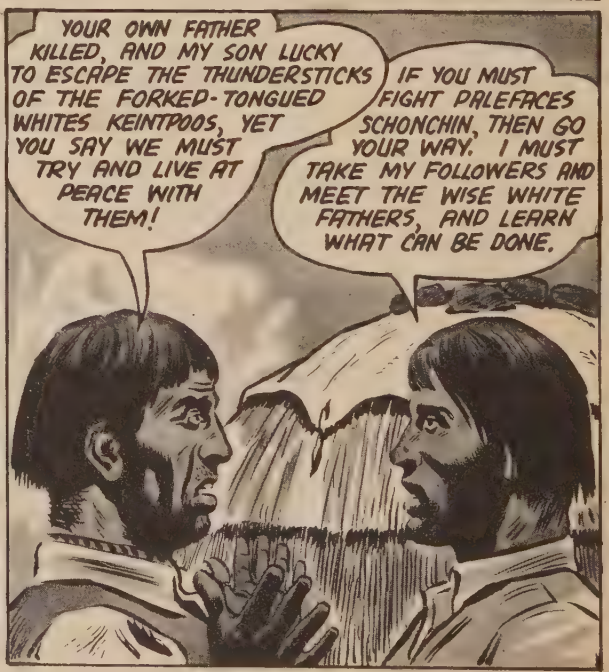


ONE WEEK LATER, A PARTY OF MODOCS LED BY A SUB-CHIEF NAMED SCHONCHIN ATTACKED A WAGON TRAIN WITH SUCH FURY, THAT ONLY THREE OF THE SEVENTY-FIVE IMIGRANTS SURVIVED. . .



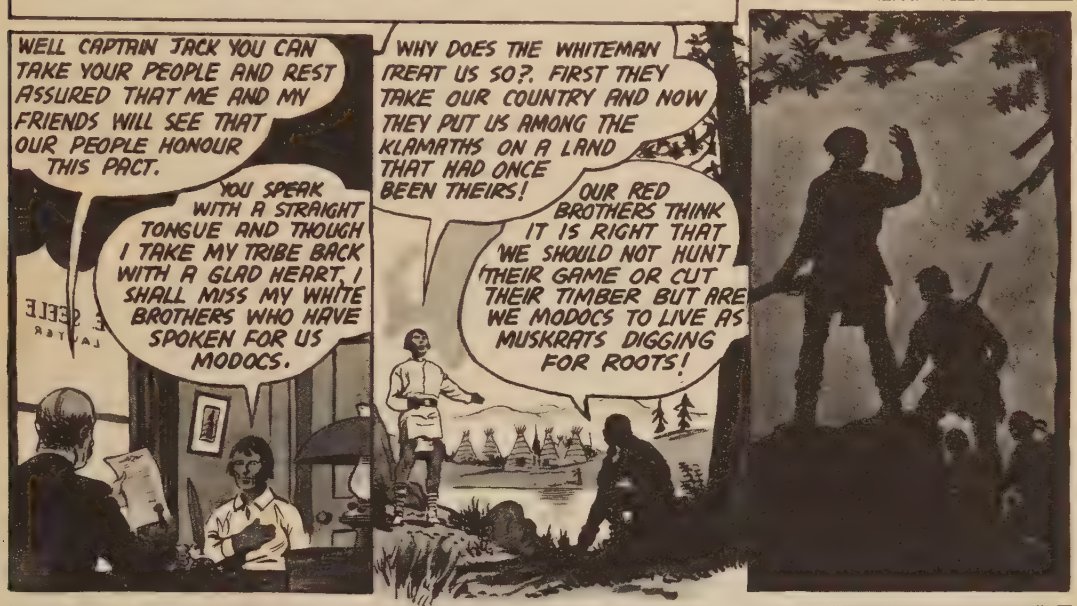
DESPITE THIS HORRIFYING ATTACK ON THE WAGON TRAIN THE WHITEMEN TOOK NO ACTION AGAINST THE MODOC UNTIL 1856. IT WAS THEN THAT A COMPANY OF OREGON VOLUNTEERS LED BY BEN WRIGHT, DECIDED TO TRICK THE MODOCS AT A COUNCIL MEETING . . . . . .

LATER, KEINTPOOS, STILL RELUCTANT TO FIGHT THE WHITEMEN, ARGUED WITH SCHONCHIN OVER THE MASSACRE CARRIED OUT BY BEN WRIGHT.



BRAVELY, CHIEF KEINTPOOS ARGUED WITH MANY PROMINENT LEADERS AMONG THE SETTLERS. FINALLY, IMPRESSED BY HIS COURAGE THE WHITE PEOPLE PROMISED HIM HE WOULD NOT BE ATTACKED, PROVIDING HIS PEOPLE STAY IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE LOST RIVER COUNTRY. SO, KEINTPOOS OR CAPTAIN JACK, AS THE WHITEMEN HAD NOW NAMED HIM, PREPARED TO LEAD HIS TRIBE BACK TO THEIR REMOTE LAND. AND SO CAPTAIN JACK AND HIS TRIBE LIVED AT PEACE FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. BUT BY 1864, NEW SETTLERS HAD CROWDED INTO THE LOST RIVER TERRITORY, AND THE U.S. GOVERNMENT DECIDED TO MOVE THE MODOCS TO A JOINT RESERVATION AMONG THE KLAMATH . . . . . .

AFTER SIX YEARS ON THE KLAMATH RESERVATION CAPTAIN JACK COULD WATCH HIS PEOPLE STARVE NO LONGER. ON A MOONLESS SPRING NIGHT, THE PROUD BUT TATTERED CHIEF LED HIS HUNGRY LITTLE BAND BACK TOWARDS THEIR VILLAGE ON LOST RIVER.



NEXT DAY THE SETTLERS WERE SHOCKED TO SEE THE MODOC LODGES ON EACH SIDE OF THE RIVER. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL NOVEMBER 1872, THAT MAJ. JAMES JACKSON LED THIRTY SIX TROOPERS INTO THE INDIAN CAMP, AND FROM THAT DAY THE INDIAN WAR COMMENCED . . . . . .

CAPTAIN JACK AND HOOKER JIM'S WARRIORS DROVE BACK THE SOLDIERS , AND

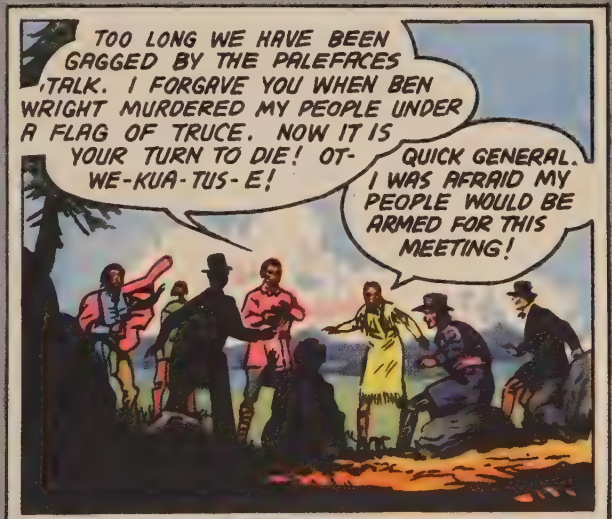
THE FOLLOWING JANUARY, COLONEL WHEATON LED BOTH CAVALRY AND INFANTRY AGAINST THE MODOC. HIS FIGHTING FORCE, INCLUDING CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS CONSISTED OF OVER FOUR HUNDRED MEN. BUT INDIAN RIFLE FIRE PICKED OFF HIS SOLDIERS, AS THEY PUSHED WEARILY ON THROUGH THE EERIE GULLEYS . . . . . .

THE BIG GUNS BATTERED AWAY AT THE BLANKET OF FOG, BUT FROM ALL AROUN CAME THE WAR CRIES OF THE MODOCS A THEY FIRED ON THE GUNNERS . . . .

ROUTE TO THEIR STRONGHOLD, KILLED A FURTHER SEVENTEEN SETTLERS.

N NIGHTFALL THE SOLDIERS HAD ADVANCED
LITTLE OVER A MILE, AND THEIR LOSSES WERE
XTEEN DEAD AND FIFTY THREE WOUNDED.
HE MODOCS HAD SUFFERED NO CASUALTIES

LATER, GENERAL CANBY, WITH A FORCE OF OVER ONE THOUSAND MEN TRIED TO TAKE JACK'S STRONG-HOLD AS IT WAS NOW KNOWN. DURING THE CAMPAIGN, WASHINGTON ONCE MORE DECIDED TO HOLD COUNCIL WITH THE MODOC CHIEFTAIN, AND WITH THE HELP OF A BLOOD RELATION OF CAPTAIN JACK, NAMED TOBY RIDDLE, THE GENERAL ARRANGED A MEETING...

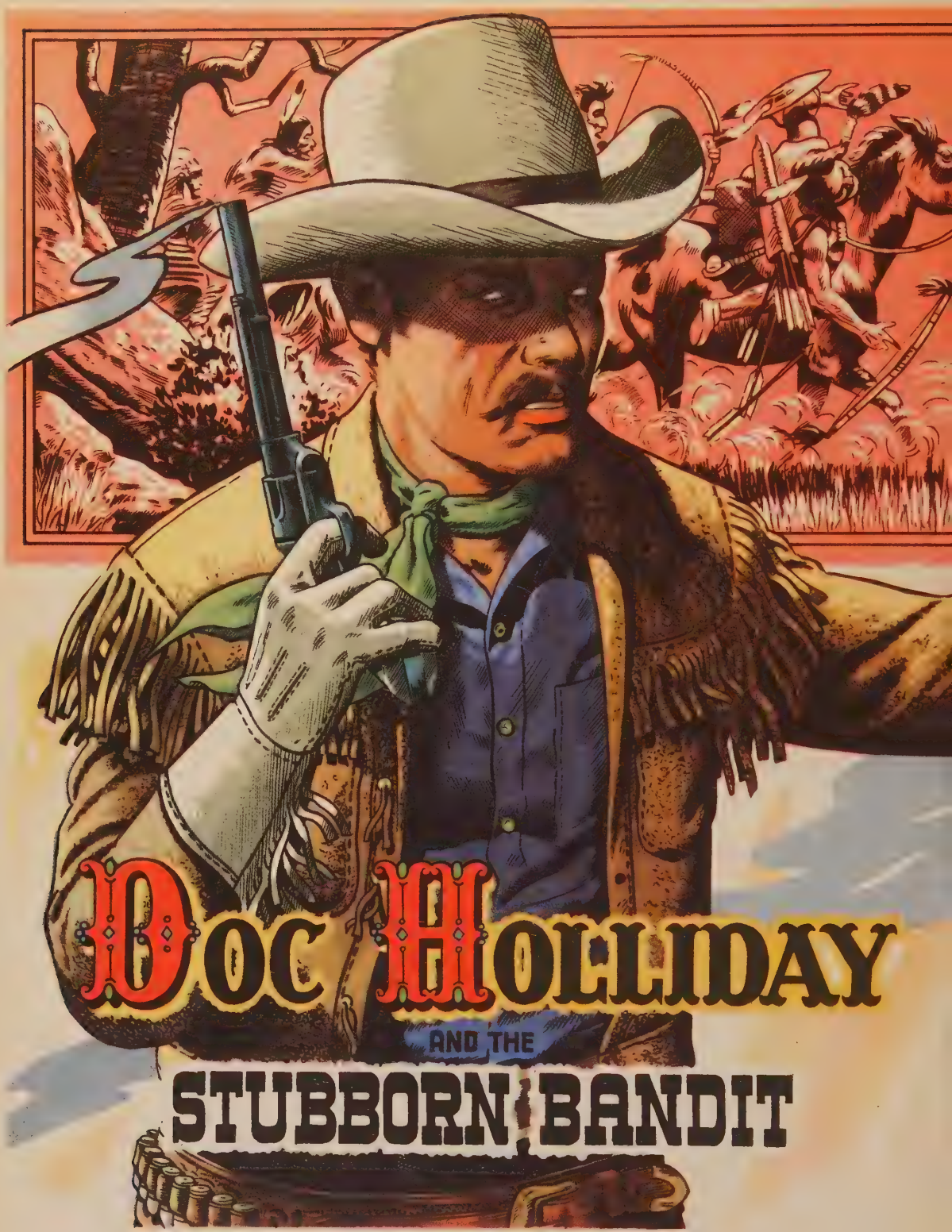


A MAN NAMED MERCHAM WAS THE ONLY WHITE SURVIVOR OF THE PEACE COMMISSION, AND HE WAS BROUGHT SAFELY BACK TO THE SOLDIERS CAMP BY THE BRAVE INDIAN GIRL, TOBY RIDDLE. AS A RESULT FURTHER TROOPS WERE PUT INTO THE FIELD AND THE WAR CONTINUED . . . . . .

FINALLY, MILITARY SCIENCE WAS BROUGHT TO BEAR AGAINST THE MODOCS, AND FINDING HIMSELF CUT OFF FROM WATER, CAPTAIN JACK MADE A BRAVE BUT FUTILE ATTEMPT TO BREAK THROUGH THE TROOPS LINES . . . . . .

NOW, THEIR AMMUNITION LOW, AND THEMSELVES NEAR STARVATION THE MODOCS FOUGHT ON FROM THE CAVES AMONG THE LAVA BEDS. BUT CAPTAIN JACK'S BIGGEST BLOW CAME WHEN HOOKER JIM AND THREE OTHER SUB CHIEFS TURNED TRAITOR, AND WORKED AS PAID ARMY SCOUTS . . . . . .

THEN, ON JUNE FIRST, A FEW HOURS AFTER HIS FOLLOWERS HAD SURRENDERED, CAPTAIN JACK STAGGERED OUT OF THE BRUSH TO MEET HIS CAPTORS. THUS A WAR WHICH HAD COST THE U.S. GOVERNMENT OVER A MILLION DOLLARS, AND 160 FIGHTING MEN CAME TO A CLOSE.


DOC HOLLIDAY
AND THE
STUBBORN BANDIT

DOC HOLLIDAY sat relaxed in his saddle as Star, his magnificent black stallion, loped along at a steady, mile-eating gallop through the vast Wyoming territory.

John H. Holliday—or 'Doc', as he was generally called—was a likeable fellow, easy to get on with and good company. He never looked for trouble, but if trouble caught up with him he faced it fearlessly. He was lightning fast with his pearl-handled Colts and had earned quite a reputation for himself.

Unlike the usual run of hard-working frontier doctors who had no time to bother about clothes, Doc was mighty particular about what he wore. His favourite garb was a fringed buckskin jacket, and black broadcloth pants tucked into neat riding-boots decorated by a pair of shining golden spurs. His dark hair was covered by an off-white Stetson worn at a rakish angle. A gay neckerchief was knotted jauntily at the side of his throat. White fringed gauntlets protected his hands. A wide, heavily embossed gunbelt was slung low over his hips.

Doc was whistling a merry tune when his horse rounded a bend in the trail and he came upon a party of six riders headed in the same direction as he was going.

Recognising Sheriff Burns of Red Rock Gulch, Doc drew up alongside the leading horseman.

"Howdy, Sheriff," he grinned.

"Why, Doc Holliday!" exclaimed the lawman. "Haven't seen you around these parts for some time. You headed for Red Rock Gulch?"

"Yep. Could do with a little spare cash. I figure on pulling a few teeth, extracting some bullets, and maybe playing a little poker. Glad to see you again. We can ride into town together. But say, what are you and your posse doing this far from Red Rock Gulch?"

"We were chasing a bandit. The Red Rock stagecoach was held up this morning by a lone robber. He got away with twenty thousand dollars! As soon as the driver reported it to me I rounded up a posse and we set out after the thief."

"What happened? He give you the slip?" asked Holliday.

"We just never caught up with him, Doc. He's mounted on a mighty fast chestnut horse! Last we saw of him he was heading straight for Cheyenne territory. So we gave up the chase at the boundary line."

"But, Burns, the Cheyennes have sworn to kill any unauthorised white man who dares to set foot on their territory," protested Holliday with a frown.

"Exactly. So the redskins will take care of the bandit and save me the trouble," chuckled the lawman maliciously. "And if the Cheyennes don't get him, I reckon the mountain lions will!"

Doc stared at the sheriff in amazement, shocked at the man's utter callousness.

"Great guns, man! Don't you know what hostile Indians do to white prisoners?"

"Now take it easy, Holliday," snapped the sheriff. "That fellow's a bandit, a no-good outlaw. He's no use to anyone. If I'd caught him he would have taken up valuable space in my jailhouse—space needed for killers. This way the Cheyennes will take care of him for good and all, and save me the bother of arresting him. It serves him right. I've no use for law-breakers."

Doc's eyes blazed with anger.

"Neither have I. But that's no way for a lawman to act," retorted Holliday, his voice icy with contempt. "You should have given that man a chance, even though he is an outlaw. You had no right whatsoever to let him ride to his death. I'm going after him. I only hope I'm not too late."

"What are you getting so steamed up for, Holliday? Don't tell me you've never killed a man? Everyone knows you're mighty handy with those guns of yours," sneered Burns.

"I've never yet killed a man who didn't draw on me first, Burns. I shoot only when forced to—in self-defence, and even then I always try to wound rather than kill. This bandit isn't even a killer," snapped the doctor. "Yet you've sent him to a death of torture! I'll be seeing you, Sheriff. And if that bandit is dead you're going to have to answer for it—to me."

And with that Holliday wheeled Star round and streaked off down the trail, his face grimly set in disgust and anger.

DANGER TRAIL

Doc holliday backtracked the posse's trail to the edge of the Cheyenne Reservation in the White Mist Mountains. And from there he picked up the bandit's tracks, which led up a narrow mountain path.

Doc had almost reached the mountain-top when he caught the sudden swish of something hurtling through the air. There was a deep-throated roar and the next instant the tawny body of a mountain lion sprang from one of the overhanging rocks and landed on his shoulders, knocking him from his saddle.

With blood trickling down the side of his face from a deep scratch from one of the animal's claws, Holliday exerted all his strength and heaved the great cat off his back. Desperately his right hand dropped to his holster. But the beast was too quick for him, and even as he drew his Colt a vicious cuff from the animal's paw sent the gun flying from his hand.

Making a tremendous effort, he grabbed the animal round its powerful throat, gripping it with all his might. Struggling to free itself from the stranglehold, the giant cat tried to back away, and as it did so Holliday jerked up his knees and caught it a vicious blow in the stomach.

Winded momentarily and half choked, the beast suddenly sagged to the ground. In a flash Doc drew his left-hand Colt and fired. The mountain lion let out a long-drawn-out whine and then lay still, never to rise again.

"Whew! That was one of the closest calls I've ever had!" muttered Doc. "It's all right, Star," he added soothingly, to his horse, who was stomping the ground in sheer fright. "It's all over with now. Gosh, I'm in a mess! Clothes torn to ribbons, face and body all mauled and scratched! Take some time to patch myself up. That sure was a vicious cat!"

After attending to his wounds Doc climbed gingerly into his saddle. He ached and smarted all over from the vicious mauling he had received. He looked a sorry sight indeed. His face was criss-crossed with strips of sticking plaster, and bandages on his torso and legs showed through his torn clothing.

But the Doc had a job to do, and ignoring his aches and pains he continued on his way. An hour's hard riding across a rocky plateau brought him to a second mountain pass, and there, streaking along the trail ahead of him, was a rider on a chestnut horse.

"That must be our man, Star," murmured Holliday. "Faster, boy, faster! We must overtake him before he runs into a Cheyenne scouting party. There's plenty of Indian signs about here."

But the frontier doctor was just too late. Even as Star bounded forward Holliday spied an Indian crouched down on an overhanging rock, ready to spring down on the unsuspecting bandit as he rode by.

Doc moved with lightning speed. Gripping Star with his knees, he snatched his repeating rifle from its saddle-scabbard and fired at the redskin just as he leapt from the rock. His bullet caught the Cheyenne in mid-air.

Startled by the shot and a sudden screech of pain, the outlaw jerked his head round and looked over his shoulder just as the wounded Indian crashed to the ground. Seeing the battered doctor racing towards him, he drew rein.

"What's going on?" he began, wheeling his mount round. "Who . . ."

But before he could finish his sentence a war-party of painted hostiles swarmed down over the rocks, brandishing tomahawks and bows.

"Get moving!" yelled Doc, turning Star in his tracks. "Ride for your life!"

Frantically the bandit raked his mount's sides with his spurs, but the Cheyennes were too quick for him and closed in.

At close range now, Doc shoved his rifle back into its scabbard and drew his six-shooters. Turning in his saddle, he fired into the mêlée of yelling Indians, flame spurting from the muzzles of his Colts as he rapidly downed six Cheyennes.

The swiftness and accuracy of the shooting took the Indians by complete surprise; and seeing almost a dozen of their number downed in the space of a few seconds, they faltered in dazed uncertainty, for they had no guns.

That split second of hesitancy was all the bandit needed and he tore through their ranks, firing as he went.

"Let's go!" he shouted, and he and Doc raced off down the trail.

Seeing their coveted prizes slipping from their grasp, the Indians surged forward, setting arrows to their bowstrings as their fleet-footed ponies chased after the fleeing white men.

"Hoke-hey! Death to the palefaces!" screamed their leader. "This night the white men's scalps shall hang from the Cheyenne chieftain's lodge-pole!"

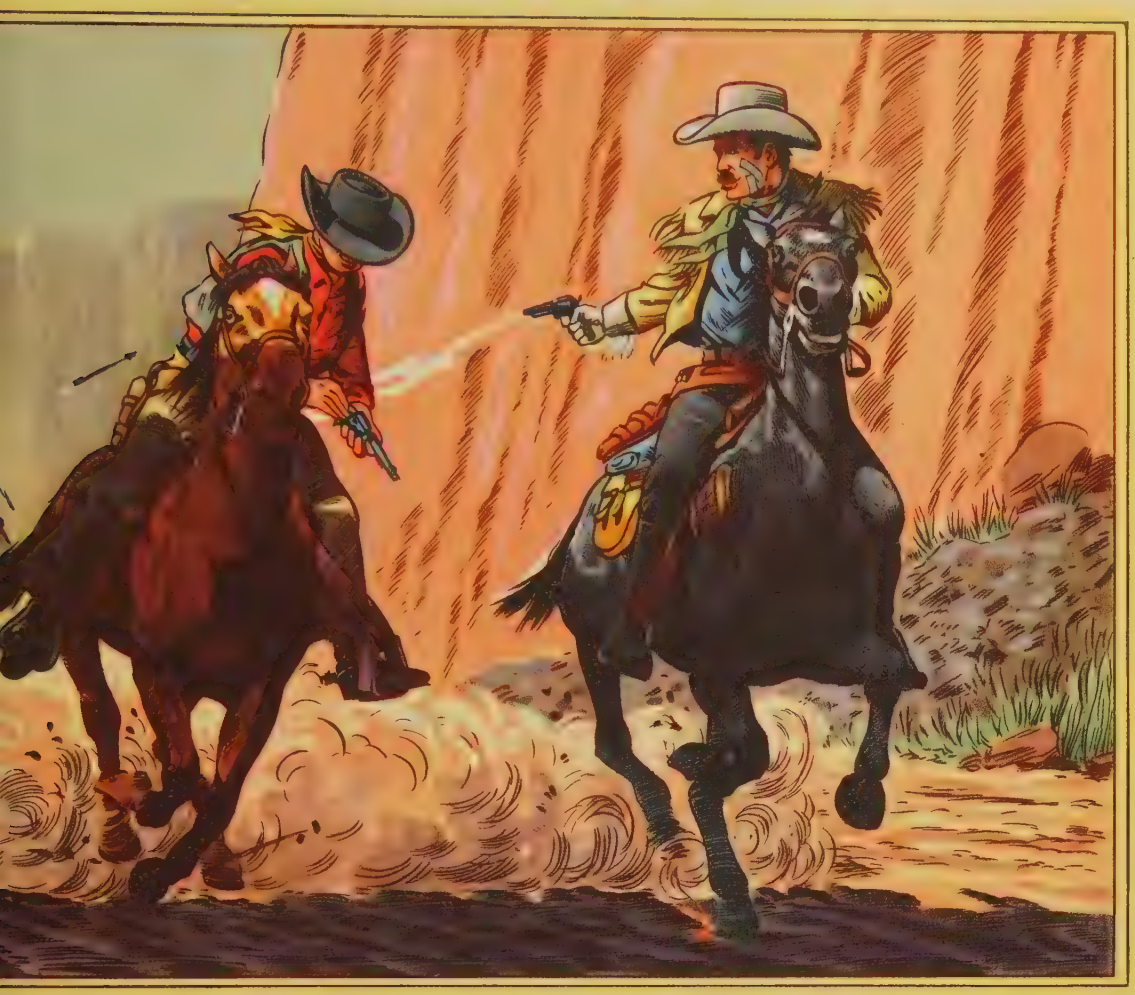
The chase went on mile after mile. From time to time Doc and the bandit turned in their saddles to pour a stream of lead into the pursuing redskins, downing several with each blast of gunfire.

Arrows flew thick and fast, some dangerously close. One thudded into the bandit's shoulder, but Doc managed to dodge them. One carried away his hat—which was too close for comfort—and another ripped off a thrum from the shoulder of his fringed jacket.

It was the guns of Doc Holliday and the bandit which finally saved them, for the Cheyennes realised that their arrows were no match for the fast-speaking smoke-poles of the white men. If an Indian war-party could not win a fight it pulled out, for warriors saw no glory in fighting a losing battle and needlessly sacrificing lives.

And so with disappointed wails the hostiles gave up the chase, wheeled their lathered ponies round and rode off.

"Well, we were lucky to get out of that alive!" grunted the doctor, looking over his shoulder at the retreating Indians. "We'll keep riding, though, till we are right out of Cheyenne territory. Then we'll pull up and rest, and I'll take care of that shoulder of yours. It must be hurting quite a bit."



"It hurts like the blazes, mister," muttered the bandit. "But I guess it could have been worse!"

They galloped on in silence for a few more miles until they were out of the White Mist Mountains, and then they stopped.

"Boy, that was a close shave all right," grinned the bandit, sliding out of his saddle. "You sure can handle a gun nicely, mister. That was right pretty shooting! Thanks for saving my life. But say, what the heck happened to you? It's kinda difficult to sort you out from the bandages!"

And while Holliday removed the arrow from the bandit's shoulder he explained who he was and why he was trailing him.

"Gosh! And you mean to tell me you risked your life to save me—a stranger, and an outlaw!" gasped the incredulous bandit.

"To me a life's a life whether the man is good or bad," replied the doctor as he deftly bandaged the man's wound. "I've given you a second chance. I expect you to serve your prison sentence. It won't be too severe if you return the stolen money."

A stubborn look crossed the bandit's face and he slowly shook his head.

"No, Doc, I'm not returning the money. And *nothing*, and *no one*, can make me. I'll serve my prison sentence, but that money stays where I hid it. I'm mighty grateful to you for saving my life, and because of that I don't mind doing a spell in the calaboose. But I'm not handing over the money. Not even on pain of death. And that's final."

Holliday tried to reason with the outlaw—whose name he learned was Rye Taylor. But nothing would induce Taylor to disclose the hiding-place of the stolen money. And so Doc took him back to Red Rock Gulch and handed him over to the sheriff, who was far from pleased to see him.

DOC MAKES A BARGAIN

Rye Taylor was tried and sentenced to five years' hard labour. He was told that his prison term would be cut by half if he returned the money to the stagecoach company. But he stubbornly refused.

He was kept in Red Rock jail for two weeks before being transferred to the Wyoming State Penitentiary. He had been in jail just over a week when the sheriff sent for the frontier doctor.

"Doc, Rye Taylor wants to see you," snapped the sheriff. "Seems he's got a toothache that is troubling him some. If I had my way I'd let him get on with it, but he's yelling so much he's disturbing the other prisoners. I still think you should have left him to the Cheyennes!"

"We won't go into that again," said Holliday coldly. "Take me to him and I'll have a look at his tooth."

Rye was moaning in agony when Doc walked into his cell.

"I'm in terrible pain, Doc," groaned Taylor, holding a swollen jaw. "You've just gotta help me. The pain is nearly driving me out of my mind."

"Hmm," said Holliday, examining the tooth. "A bad abscess. Yes, indeed, that tooth will have to come out. There's nothing else for it. It's the only way to stop the pain."

"Then take it out, Doc," pleaded the outlaw. "Charge me anything you like, only take it out—quick!"

To the sheriff's surprise Doc looked over at him and winked.

"O.K., Rye," he said. "I'll make a bargain with you. You tell the sheriff where you've hidden the stolen money and I'll pull out your tooth. That's my fee."

"Durn your hide!" screamed Taylor. "No! No, I won't tell you. I'll put up with the pain somehow. Get out of here!"

"All right. Please yourself," said the frontier doctor coolly, picking up his medical bag and turning to the door.

Taylor's rage only made his face throb all the more and wave after wave of excruciating pain swept over him.

Just as the cell door was closing he let out a sobbing groan.

"You win, Doc. This pain isn't worth twenty thousand dollars! I—just—can't—stand—it! I'll tell you where I hid the money, Sheriff. Ooooh! My tooth!"

. . . . .

"Well, Doc, I've got to hand it to you," said the sheriff grudgingly some hours later. "You were real smart to put Taylor over a barrel like that. After all the oaths he made about not disclosing the hiding-place, I never thought we'd ever see that money again."

"It was fortunate he happened to have an abscessed tooth while he was still in Red Rock Gulch, and I was able to see him," said Doc. "Right now he's hopping mad, but maybe he'll thank me later on when he's had time to think about it. And somehow I've a hunch he'll go straight when he's served his term of imprisonment."

And sure enough, Rye Taylor did go straight. He considered he owed it to Doc Holliday for saving his life. Rye did not know of another man who would willingly risk his life to save an outlaw.

To show their appreciation for Doc's part in getting Taylor to give up the money, the stagecoach company awarded him five hundred dollars.

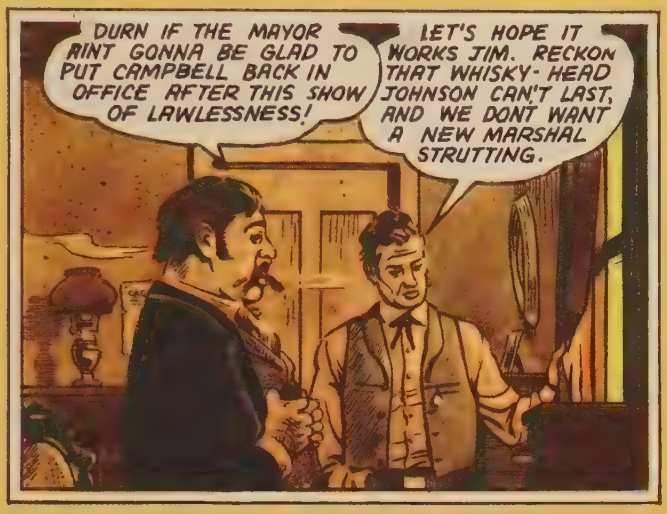
"Not a bad fee for extracting a tooth," chuckled Doc Holliday to himself as he rode leisurely out of Red Rock Gulch. "And a loose one at that. It would have fallen out on its own in a very short time!"

TAMER

IN 1881, FOUR RAIL-HEADS PUSHED TOWARDS A LITTLE 'DOBE VILLAGE ON THE RIO GRANDE, AND IN THAT YEAR THE NEW EL PASO WAS BORN. THE SLEEPY LITTLE HUTS WERE REPLACED OVERNIGHT BY WOODEN BUILDINGS, AND THE TOWN SWARMED WITH NEW SETTLERS. LIKE MANY WESTERN 'BOOM TOWNS' THE CORRUPT ELEMENTS WERE ABLE TO INSTALL A PUPPET PEACE OFFICER, AND IT WAS WHEN MARSHAL GEORGE CAMPBELL WAS RELIEVED OF HIS DUTIES BY THE CITY FATHERS THAT THE 'SPORTING CROWD' DECIDED TO SHOW THE TOWNSFOLK WHAT A WICKED PLACE EL PASO HAD BECOME SINCE THEIR MARSHAL'S REMOVAL.

EL PASO

MEANWHILE FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW OF THE COLISEUM VARIETY THEATRE, THE OWNERS JIM AND FRANK MANNING LOOKED DOWN SMILINGLY ON THE BULLET RIDDLED EL PASO STREET. . . . . .

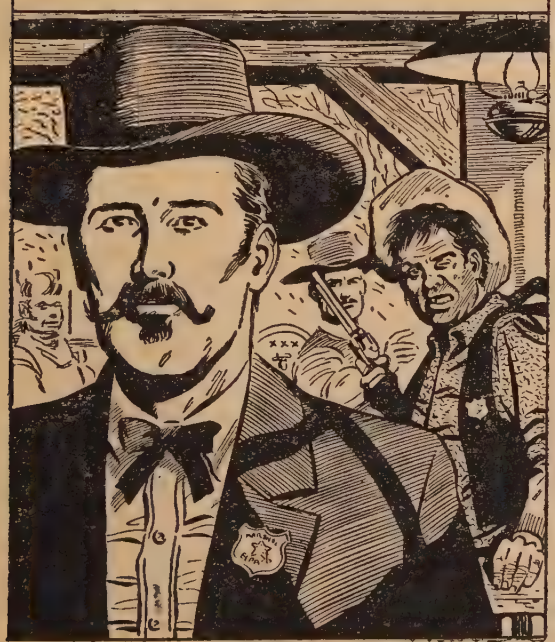


BUT AS THE SHOOTING GREW WORSE, AND INNOCENT CITIZENS FELL BEFORE THE MARAUDERS GUNFIRE, MAYOR MAGOFFIN DECIDED THAT SOME DRASTIC MOVE MUST BE TAKEN TO ESTABLISH LAW WITHIN THE TOWN.

BUT WORD OF EL PASO'S PLIGHT WAS CARRIED ACROSS THE BORDER, AND SHORTLY AFTER THE RANGERS HAD LEFT, THE INCOMING STAGE BROUGHT A STRANGER TO TOWN... A HANDSOME MUSTACHIOED SIX-FOOTER, WITH A JAW OF GRANITE AND EYES OF STEEL . . . . . .

STOUDENMIRE HAD NO TROUBLE LOCATING BILL JOHNSON, WHO, DESPITE THE EARLY HOUR, WAS WELL IN HIS CUPS . . . . . .

HAVING TAKEN THE KEYS AND THRUST THE BE-FUDDLED JOHNSON BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, STOUDENMIRE STRODE OUT OF THE SALOON, CONTEMPTUOUSLY TURNING HIS BROAD BACK ON THE OTHER'S GUN.

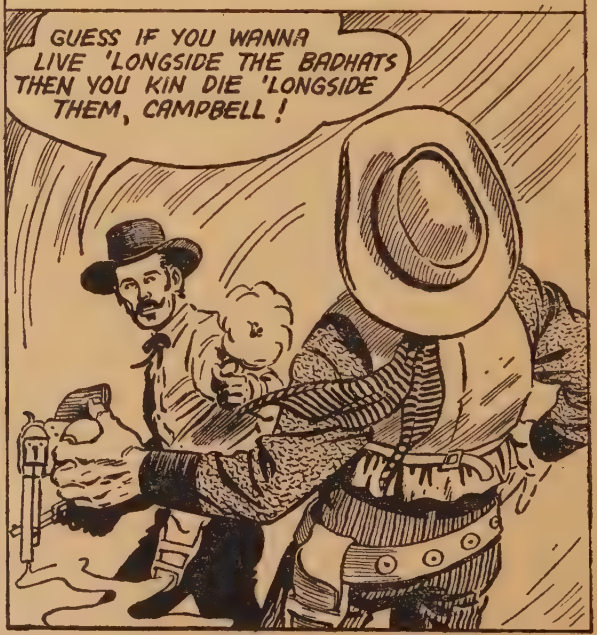


SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN TOWN, STOUDENMIRE LEFT THE CITIZENS OF EL PASO IN LITTLE DOUBT AS TO HIS CAPABILITIES AS A PEACE OFFICER.

AS A RESULT OF THE RANGERS TESTIMONY, AN INQUEST WAS HELD IN EL PASO, AND THE LITTLE ROOM WAS PACKED WITH MEMBERS OF THE "SPORTING CROWD." AS THEY LISTENED TO THE EVIDENCE PILING UP AGAINST ONE OF THEIR BOYS. THEN DURING RECESS, JOHNIE HALE THREATENED THE COURT INTERPRETER, DEPUTY SHERIFF KREMPKAU . . . . . .

STOUDENMIRE SWUNG ROUND AS KREMPKAU CRASHED TO EARTH, A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN. THEN FIRING ON THE RUN HE KILLED JOHNIE HALE WITH HIS SECOND BULLET . . . . . .

SUDDENLY, EX-MARSHAL GEORGE CAMPBELL DREW HIS PISTOL AND RUSHED TOWARDS STOUDENMIRE. BUT DALLAS, RECOGNISING A FRIEND OF THE MANNINGS, PROMPTLY SWUNG HIS OWN COLTS AND FIRED . . . .



AFTER THE HALE AND CAMPBELL SHOOTING, THE MANNING BROTHERS DECIDED ON A SCHEME TO RID EL PASO OF THE NEW MARSHAL. . . . . .

SAY BILL! GUESS YOU FEEL MIGHTY MEAN ABOUT STOUDENMIRE TAKING YOUR JOB, LET ALONE TREATING YOU LIKE A DURN CUR.

HOPPING MAD I AM, BOYS. BUT WHAT KIN A FELLER DO TO SQUARE EVEN WITH STOUDENMIRE?

YOU AIN'T WASHED UP YET, BILL. WE RECKON YOU'D MAKE A FINE PEACE OFFICER ONCE STOUDENMIRE WAS OUT. LET ME AND FRANK TELL YOU HOW WE AIM TO HELP YOU GET A BREAK.

LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY, BILL! YOU KNOW THE BRICK PILE ON SAN ANTONIA STREET, WELL WE RECKON. . . .

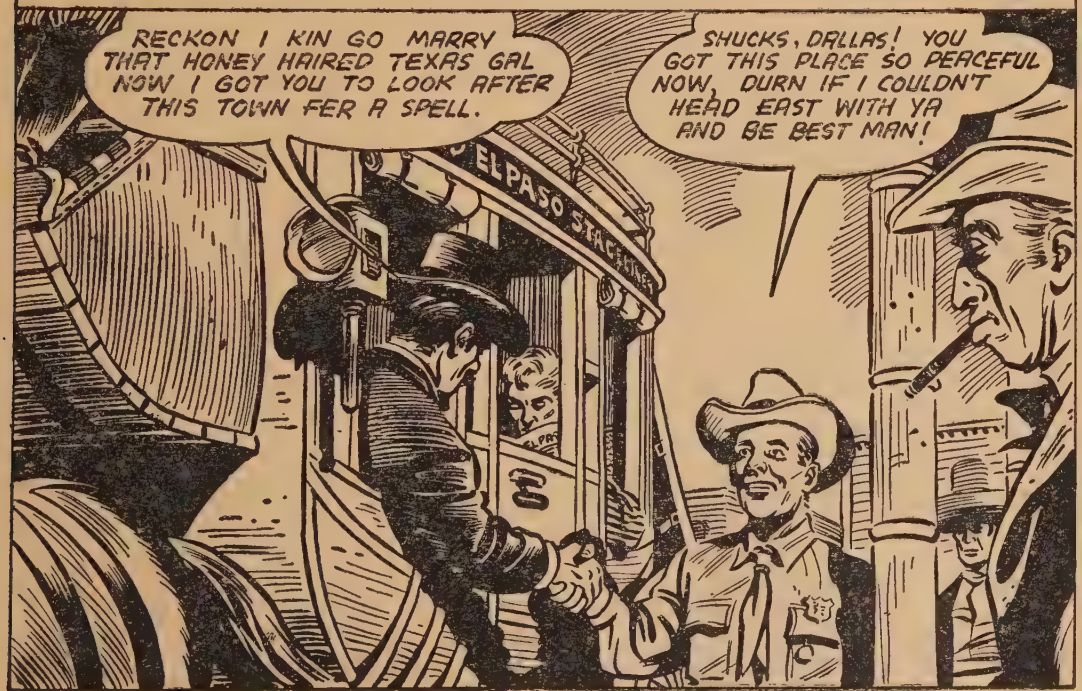
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, DALLAS STOUDENMIRE LEFT THE ACME SALOON ON HIS ROUTINE TOUR OF THE TOWN, AND STRODE BRISKLY TOWARDS THE "T" OF SAN ANTONIA AND EL PASO STREETS. . . . . .

WHAT THE...
DESPITE THE CLOSE RANGE AND DEADLINESS OF HIS WEAPON, THE BE-FUDDLED JOHNSON SENT BOTH CHARGES WHINING OVER THE HEAD OF THE MARSHAL, AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER DALLAS STOUDENMIRE'S FLASHING FORTY-FIVES SPAT DEATH AT HIS ASSAILANT . . . . .

THEN MEMBERS OF THE "SPORTING CROWD", REALIZING THAT THEIR 'TOOL' STOOD LITTLE CHANCE OF KILLING THE MARSHAL ALONE, OPENED FIRE FROM THEIR COVER . . . . . .

WOUNDED IN THE FOOT, STOUDENMIRE RUSHED TOWARDS THE AMBUSH, HIS DEADLY COLTS SENDING HIS INTENDED ASSASSINS FLEEING . . . . . .

EARLY IN 1882, DALLAS STOUDENMIRE TOOK THE STAGE OUT OF EL PASO TO GET MARRIED IN EAST TEXAS, LEAVING HIS CAPABLE DEPUTY, JAMES B. GILLETT IN CHARGE . . . . . .



UNFORTUNATELY, JAMES GILLETT WAS TAKEN ILL SHORTLY AFTER DALLAS STOUDENMIRE'S DEPARTURE AND 'DOC' CUMMINGS, DALLAS'S IMPULSIVE BROTHER-IN-LAW TOOK OVER OFFICE. THEN FOLLOWED A GRIM INCIDENT WHICH WAS TO ALTER THE CAREER OF THE TWO-GUN MARSHAL, A NAME BY WHICH STOUDENMIRE HAD BECOME KNOWN THROUGHOUT EL PASO . . . . . .

DURN IT, HANK! WHILE I'M WEARING THIS BADGE I GOTTA NOTION TO RID THIS TOWN O' THEM MANNINGS. RECKON'LL BE THE BEST WEDDING PRESENT DALLAS COULD EVER HAVE.

CAREFUL, DOC! YOU BIN HITTIN' THE ROTGUT AND CELEBRATING A-PLENTY. THIS PLACE IS JUST CRAWLIN' WITH THEIR BOYS!

THE NEWS SPREAD FAST, AND SCARCELY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF THE COLISEUM VARIETY THEATRE, 'DOC' CUMMINGS WAS KILLED BY JIM MANNING WHO STOOD WAITING . . . .

FEARING THE WORST, A TROUBLED GILLETT MET THE STAGE BRINGING DALLAS STOUDENMIRE AND HIS BRIDE, AND BROKE THE NEWS OF HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S DEATH . . . . . .

DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD, DALLAS. 'DOC' WAS A GREAT HOMBRE, BUT... WELL I SORTA RECKON THAT DAY HE WAS JUST GUNNING FER THE MANNINGS.

DURN IT, JIM! IF THE LAW AIN'T GOT CALL TO CLEAN UP THE MANNINGS, THEN I'LL STRADDLE THE LOT OF THEM AS A CITIZEN!

THE TENSION GOT SO GREAT IN EL PASO, THAT THE CITY FATHERS, FEARING FOR THE LIVES OF THE INNOCENT IN CASE OF A DEADLY DUEL, APPROACHED BOTH PARTIES, AND A TRUCE WAS FORMED . . .

THANKS A LOT, GENTS. I RECKON'LL YOU'LL ALL FEEL A POWERFUL LOT HAPPIER WHEN YOU THINK OF THE WOMEN AND KIDS WHO ARE JUST PRAYIN' FOR THIS THING TO BE PULLED OFF RIGHT.

ALTHOUGH STOUDENMIRE KEPT TO THE AGREEMENT HE HAD SIGNED IN THE COUNCIL OFFICE, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S DEATH DWELT ON HIS MIND. HE NEGLECTED HIS DUTIES, AND AS A RESULT, HIS FRIEND AND DEPUTY JAMES GILLETT, SUPERSEDED HIM . . . . . .

GUESS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS, DALLAS.

IT'S A MAN-SIZE JOB, JIM, AND YOU KIN DO IT. ANYHOW I GOT MYSELF AN OFFER OF A JOB AS DEPUTY, UNITED STATES MARSHAL WITH SOME DUTIES IN NEW MEXICO FER A SPELL.

ON THE 18TH. OF SEPTEMBER 1882, DALLAS STOUDENMIRE RETURNED TO EL PASO WHERE HE SET UP OFFICE FOR THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF TEXAS. AS THE NEW U.S. DEPUTY MARSHAL, HE MADE FOR THE ACME SALOON TO CELEBRATE, BUT WORD HAD GONE BEFORE HIM THAT HE INTENDED TO HAVE A SHOWDOWN WITH THE MANNINGS THERE . . . . . .

SAY! WHAT'S THIS DALLAS... YOU NOT AIMIN' TO KEEP YOUR END OF THE AGREEMENT?

WHOEVER SAYS THAT, 'DOC' TELLS A DIRTY LIE!

WHY.. 'DOC'..!

WITH HIS OWN WEAPON SHOT FROM HIS GRASP, 'DOC' MANNING THREW HIS ARMS AROUND THE REELING U.S. MARSHAL SO THAT HE COULDN'T FIRE ON HIM AGAIN . . . . .

..DURN IF I AIN'T GONNA GET YOU YET,'DOC'!
SAY, JIM... FRANK!!

ON THE DUSTY SIDEWALK THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE 'DOC' BEGAN TO LOOSE HIS GRIP ON THE STILL POWERFUL STOUDENMIRE. THEN FROM THE DOORS OF THE ACME SALOON, JIM MANNING TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE BACK OF DALLAS'S HEAD . . . . .
GOSH! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE TO SAVE DALLAS!
THIS MAKES IT A STATE OFFENCE MARSHAL. COME ON, LET'S TAKE IN THOSE MANNINGS!

SO, DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL DALLAS STOUDENMIRE, AS HE WAS AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, WAS BRUTALLY SLAIN IN THE TOWN HE HAD HELPED TO TAME . . . . . .

. . . . AND FROM THE DUST, MARSHAL JAMES GILLETT STOOPED TO RETRIEVE THE SILVER PLATED COLTS .45, WHICH HAD SERVED HIM ON THAT MISSION.

THE END

TOMBSTONE Enterprise

Volume 1. No. 1. ARIZONA TERRITORY Price 10 Cents

GRUESOME ATTACK BY REDMEN

ONE SURVIVOR OF APACHE AMBUSH

San Pablo, Sonora

Scarcely had the first streaks of dawn fallen across this little mining village one morning last week, when the mine superintendent was shocked to see a grizzled and wild-eyed prospector struggling towards the camp.

The man was given medical attention and water and the latter was gratefully received, its drinker having spent many hours under a merciless desert sun. He then stated that his name was Gabey Rowse, and that he was the sole survivor of an Apache ambush, whilst on a prospecting trip with three partners in the Siera Madre.

Rowse described the attack as taking place about sun-up at the foot of these mountains. The party were still in camp at the time, and a favourite trick of the Apache was again brought into force. Still shocked by his encounter, the surviving prospector went on to describe dark patches, which they presumed to be boulders lying in the desert wastes were suddenly realized to be the flying blankets of their enemies. This old method of the Apache to lie for hours under a sand-covered blanket is well-known to those of us who have travelled these parts. The fact that Rowse and his companions were no strangers to the tricks of the redmen, just goes to show how vigilant one must remain to detect this Indian craft of war.

Rowse does not know the full names of his fellow-prospectors who were killed. He explained this by saying he knew them only as Gus, Jake, and one by the name of Looney. At the first volley of fire from the Indians, Jake and Gus went down instantly. Seeing that the Apaches were without their ponies, Rowse and Looney decided to mount their burros and make a gallop for it.

Unfortunately the man referred to as Looney was killed as he prepared to mount. But Rowse was able to ride perhaps a mile before his wounded animal fell beneath him. The next thing he remembers is returning to consciousness with the heat of the midday sun beating down upon him. Rowse realized that his only hope of survival was to press on towards the San Pablo workings, which his knowledge of the area told him must lie some five miles to the north. As we now know, this tortuous distance took him until dawn of the following day. One can imagine the experience this frightened but lucky fellow suffered.

Before going to press, this paper has received official information stating that the marauding Indians are undoubtedly a number of braves who left the San Carlos Reservation a little over a month ago. A cavalry detail has already left Fort Huachua to apprehend them. People in Tombstone will recall that this army post was constructed just prior to our own town, and that its soldiers have already seen much hard fighting against the redmen.

The *Enterprise* is proud to disclose that Ned Fisher, a veteran journalist, who for some months has been an authority on Indian affairs for this newspaper, will be riding with the troopers. Therefore, he will give you an on-the-spot report should there be an encounter with the hostiles.

Tombstone **TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE** Arizona

EDITOR'S Comment

SETBACK IN THE HILLS

Have we rejoiced too soon over the water bestowed upon us——

For the first time in the last twelve months, the water which has been steadily rising in most of our big mines is beginning to present its problems. The *Enterprise* believes that these are merely teething troubles, and that the water which first came to us as a blessing may soon be harnessed to the benefit of the community.

It is common knowledge to all experienced mining men, that when water is struck, there is little doubt as to the permanency of the veins from whence the rich ore comes. This indeed made pleasant hearing to the inhabitants of this fair city, who owe so much to the precious silver drawn from its mines.

One official from the Sulphuret Mine admitted that it saved his company the expense of hauling their ore many miles to the river, whilst our ever vigilant volunteer fire service realized what untold assistance the rushing water would be to them when fighting fires, which in the past have been a constant menace to the growth of the camp.

Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the stories relating that the Contention and Grand Central Mines are considering closing until they can install pumps to deal with the flow, are merely rumours. We hope also that the miners will call off their pay strike, and pull together in the common cause, which God willing will make us the Virginia City of the Southwest.

OLDTIMER DIES

Bisbee, Arizona Territory

Tex Riddings of Bisbee is dead. Not through rot-gut or lead-poisoning, both of which are common ailments around these parts. But from natural causes, having reached the ripe old age of eighty-nine.

When asked for his christian name, Tex, who hailed from the Lone Star State, ceased chewing and scratched his chin for a spell. Then, his bright eyes twinkling, he would drawl: "Know something, partner. I don't ever rightly remember having one o' them fancy titles!"

Many are the tales he told of his frontier friends—trappers, mountain men and their likes, and how he missed many great pals like Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie, when they perished fighting for Texas at the Alamo.

There are few who have not met Tex since he came to reside in Bisbee, and took a job at the Lucky Cuss Mine. The other morning, fellow-workers were surprised when he wasn't present for work when the whistle blew, which indeed he would have been, had not Gabriel's Horn called him first.

200 DOLLARS

I will pay the above reward for information which will lead to the capture of the unknown bandits who attacked the

BENSON STAGE

on Friday last, shortly after it left Malcolm's Water Station, enroute to this city.

JOHNY BEHAN,
Sheriff, Cochise County.

WANTED

JOHN O'ROURKE

The above person, who is known under the alias of 'Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce' is wanted for questioning regarding a shooting which occurred in the Pony Saloon, Tuesday week. Should anyone know the whereabouts of this person please contact:

VIRGIL W. EARP
Deputy U. S. Marshal

Tombstone **TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE** *Arizona*

SHERIFF WHO SLEW "BILLY THE KID" RESIGNS. PAT GARRETT TO LEAVE LINCOLN COUNTY

Lincoln, New Mexico

"Quien Es?" . . . "Who is it?" Many people will recall that these were the last words uttered by William Bonney, who was known throughout the Southwest as Billy the Kid. The answer came in three stabs of flame, which lit up the darkened bedroom of Pete Maxwell's ranch-house. Seconds later the Kid lay dead.

The man who fired on the Kid, and to whom the question in Spanish was spoken, was none other than Sheriff Pat Garrett of Lincoln County, a former friend of the young killer.

Earlier this week Garrett's term of office expired. Later it came as a shock to many townsfolk to hear that this fearless peace-officer was

handing in his star, and going back to cattle ranching. Perhaps this is partly due to the controversy going on around these parts regarding the shooting. Killer that he was—having claimed to have a notch on his guns for every year of his age, this being twenty-one at the time of his death, the Kid had many loyal friends. In Fort Sumner where the slaying occurred, a number of heart-broken women covered the young outlaw's grave with both flowers and tears.

Yet Garrett was a hero to all straight-thinking citizens and influential business men throughout Arizona and New Mexico. It was clear to them, that whilst other territories were becoming states, we were being ignored because of our reputation for lawlessness and bloodshed. In slaying William Bonney, Pat Garrett brought an end to the Lincoln County cattle war, a deed which must surely mark a turning point in the history of these two territories.

OCCIDENTAL TONSORIAL Parlour

We are staffed by three artistic barbers from the east, who will be pleased to meet you at our fully-equipped parlour.

FOURTH STREET, TOMBSTONE.

BONANZA Stores

Fine selection of Ladies' Scarlet Flannel Vests and Hosiery.

Doughnut St., Tombstone.

Tombstone **TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE** Arizona

COWARDLY NIGHT ATTACK ON U.S. DEPUTY MARSHALL

VIRGIL EARP SHOT IN THE BACK

Shortly after leaving the Oriental Saloon late last night, U.S. Deputy Marshal Virgil W. Earp staggered back through the batwings doors into the arms of his brother Wyatt, and stated that he had been shot in the back. Although with assistance the marshal was able to negotiate the distance to his room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, it was feared that one of the wounds might prove serious, and Drs. Goodfellow and Mathews were immediately notified.

It has since been learned, that the scene of the shooting was near the intersection of Fifth and Allen Street, and that a number of bullets which were intended for the marshal, shattered the glass of the Eagle Brewery Saloon. This caused much disturbance amongst the customers, although luckily none were injured by this cowardly attack on Earp.

So far little is known of the identity of the three breathless men who rushed down Toughnut Street, and hastily left the town via the Virzina hoisting works. One thing is certain. These men are obviously part of the 'cowboy faction', whose notorious assassins have already threatened Judge Spicer and fired upon the stage bearing Tombstone's fearless Mayor Clum. But this attack against a United States peace officer, which was undoubtedly meant to bring about his death —a number of nineteen shot marks having been found just above the marshal's head—can no longer be tolerated by the decent-minded citizens of this community, who owe so much to the Earp brothers in their fight for law and order.

ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE DASTARDLY ATTACK.

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION

A Bazaar and Social Evening will be held at the Schieffelin Hall on Wednesday night of this week. This happy event, which has been organised by the Reverend E. Peabody and Miss Henrietta Weatherby will no doubt stand out amongst the many recent attractions offered us by the growing number of religious movements in this town.

Some of our finest inhabitants will be present, and the gaily-bedecked stalls will no doubt bring joyful contributions to the Silver Dollar Mine Disaster Fund, to which all the night's proceeds will go.

We, the *Enterprise* have already denoted a huge sum to this worthy cause, and feel that many of the badhats who make Allen Street their shooting-ground would do well to visit the Schieffelin Hall on this night.

Then, if they were to reach for their money-pouch instead of a pistol, perhaps they too might contribute. Not only to the dependants of the brave miners who risked their lives to make this town wealthy, but also in making Tombstone a finer place in which to live.

Tombstone TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE Arizona

CHARLIE ON WARRIOR WINS THE DAY.

ONE HECK OF A RACE

Sunday morning of this week being exceptionally quiet for Tombstone proved a ideal time for the horse race between Indian Charlie and Hank Johnson. Several people had gathered outside the Alambra Saloon to witness the start of what appeared to be the most unmatched race ever to be run in any mining-camp or cow-town throughout the whole West.

Sitting on his wiry little paint-horse, Warrior, Charlie, a solemn-faced Cherokee Indian looked no competition for Hank Johnson, a cowboy from Kansas, whose tall lean frame hung loosely in the saddle of his powerful bay, Lariat. Despite this, there were plenty of bets placed on both sides, many shrewd men of the gambling fraternity having seen the Indian run his pony quite favourably in other towns.

When the laying of wagers had finally ceased, Doc Holliday, a well-known gambling man in this community explained the route to be taken. Then after a sullen nod from Charlie, and a grin from Hank, he fired off his pistol above the riders' heads.

As if some phantom war-cry had suddenly penetrated his spotted ear, the stooping little Indian pony raced forward with Charlie lying flat across its neck. Hank, bringing his horse up to a fancy rear on hind-legs lost some seconds here. By the time the rail-thin Kansan had uttered a wild "Yippeee!" and given the bay her head, Warrior was stirring the dust a couple of rods up Allen Street.

Near the end of First Street, Hank's horse came abreast of Charlie's mount, and it began to look as if the tall cow-hand could spare his rodeo tricks after all. But by the time the riders had reached

Safford Street, both their horses were still neck to neck.

Down Fifth Street the bay drew ahead, and on passing the Alambra, the crowd cheered as the red-headed Kansan threw his stetson in their midst. A more subdued cheer followed, as Charlie, his face buried deep in the mane of his wild-eyed little pony thundered up behind.

On the second run around the town, Hank's horse started to weaken, its chestnut coat darkening with sweat, whilst her eyes became glazed. Yet, as if going into a charge, Warrior bounded past the tall horse for the first time since the race had commenced, and a grin appeared on Charlie's broad face.

Indian Charlie came in a whole block ahead of the Kansan. Then to the firing of pistols, and in high-spirits over his win, he rode the snorting Warrior through the bat-wings of the Oriental Saloon to celebrate. Seconds later he was flung out into the dirt street by bartender Buckskin Frank Leslie, whom it is said backed the Kansan to win.

EAST LYNNE MARKS PRELUDE TO EVEN GREATER PLAYS

It is indeed a great pity that the Nellie Boyd Troupe did not receive a far greater audience on their final showing of East Lynne. This ever-popular drama was well presented by this talented group of players, and the people present did at least make up for their few in numbers. At times their applause could be heard over the noises of Allen Street, which it rightly should, the acting and musical accompaniment being excellent.

The curtain falling brought an end to a season of very fitting dramas, and theatre goers of this community will now have to bide their time until the occasion arises once again.

Next season will bring to Tombstone that outstanding personality of the American stage, Miss Jeffrey-Lewis. A fair beauty of world renown, Miss Jeffrey-Lewis has been lured to our town at tremendous cost to play in Diplomacy, thus giving this fine and talented star full scope to display her acting ability. The *Enterprise* is proud that this city has never failed to patronize anything but the first-class entertainers.

Tombstone TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE Arizona

MURDER AND ROBBERY MOST FOUL FOLLOW EARLIER RUSTLING ATTEMPTS

Charleston, Arizona Territory

News of further misdeeds by rustlers was received here today. It was learned that a rancher by the name of Hennings had frightened away two cowboys, who were attempting to round-up his herd just three miles above Charleston on the San Pedro.

This incident apparently occurred around high noon Friday. But was merely a prelude to further depredations deemed to be carried out before sunset on this same day. At approximately 10.30 p.m., a party of gentlemen travelling by carriage towards Tombstone, happened to see two mean-looking characters leave the trail in order to avoid the path their carriage was bound to take.

Their suspicions aroused, the gentry took heed of the riders as they trotted away. They noticed that although one man was taller in the saddle than his confederate, both appeared well-mounted and fully armed, and that the shorter of the two was riding a dark sorrel with an outstanding white blaze.

Just before reaching our town, the same carriage-borne gentlemen met a party of Mexicans, three in all, who informed them that they were General Pesqueira's men. These men it appeared were taking $1,000 in gold and silver, apart from a quantity of supplies for the General. Later, about halfway to Ochonville, the Mexicans were brutally set upon and robbed by five cowboys, and the one carrying the bullion was mortally wounded.

The fact that the two riders who attempted to rustle cattle belonging to the Henning's milk ranch earlier that day formed part of this murderous outfit, was substantiated by the surviving Mexicans. Both men were described in detail, and were stated as having been seen in Tombstone the day previous.

For some months now the *Enterprise* has campaigned against these so-called rustlers, who to any peace-loving citizen are just another brand of badman. Driven from Western Texas and Lincoln County, these black-hearted villains have taken it into their evil minds to carry out their stealing and killings around Tombstone, Charleston and Bisbee. This newspaper thinks that it is hightime something was done about the growing lawlessness which is upon us. It makes us shudder to think what might have happened to so fine and upright a rancher as old Hennings, had he stumbled on the rustlers alone, instead of being accompanied by a number of his riders.

This is a threat to the prosperity of this great little town, and although we will no doubt be criticized by our rival the *Smelter* we do not hesitate to make this final remark. Mr. Johnny Behan our Sheriff is far too well-in with the 'cowboy element'. Therefore, the fact that he has ridden out at the head of a posse in the hope of apprehending the wrong-doers, will come of little satisfaction to our many readers.

Tombstone **TOMBSTONE ENTERPRISE** *Arizona*

LOU WONG

暗港香浪

暗港香浪

Lou Wong wishes to inform all his honourable patrons that white laced shirts received today will be neatly laundered in plenty good time for the Crystal Palace Ball on Saturday.

CHINESE LAUNDRY, FREMONT ST., TOMBSTONE.

Kentucky's FINEST

DOUBLE STAMP KENTUCKY BOURBON WHISKY

$3 a gallon from all leading Wine and Spirit Merchants.

NOTICE

Will the person who started the rumour around this town that the undersigned is nothing more than a 'whisky-soaked saddle-tramp', please be present at the abandoned shack outside Tombstone tomorrow noon. It will be as well if the person concerned would wear his guns, in order that he might be given a chance to back up his lying statement.

(*Signed*) WILBUR RAND,
6 Toughnut St.,
Tombstone.

SALES

A good span of horses for sale cheap. May be seen at the O.K. Corral, Tombstone.

SITUATIONS VACANT

An experienced Faro Dealer required at the Oriental Gaming Rooms. A fine future guaranteed to the man chosen to sit at one of our many famous tables. *Apply, Lou Rickabaugh, Proprietor, Oriental Saloon, Tombstone.*

• • •

Sturdy miners needed by the Mountain Maid Mining Company. Apply in person to the Mine Superintendent.

Give Your Thirst a Chance at "First Chance"

The first chance and the only chance you'll get of being served with the best Old Berry Bourbon and Ripey Rye Whiskies in this town.

FIRST CHANCE SALOON *1-5 FIRST ST.,* *TOMBSTONE.*

THE PEACE
LILLY
LAW WEST OF THE PECOS

THE LAW West of the Pecos

"THERE goes the train whistle! Quick, give me my change, mister," demanded a customer in 'The Jersey Lily' saloon.

"Change? What change, sir? You haven't paid me yet," smiled a portly man with a white, tobacco-stained beard and a shock of unruly grey-white hair.

"Indeed I have!" retorted the customer. "I gave you a ten-dollar bill—a brand-new one. I had one beer. Hurry, man, hurry, or I'll miss the train!"

"Ten-dollar bill you say? Well now, I must have dropped it—though I don't recollect your handing it over, sir," drawled the owner of the ramshackle saloon.

Ponderously he bent down, breathing heavily and grunting hard.

"No sign of a ten-dollar bill on the floor," he murmured, squinting down at the dusty rough boards.

"But there must be!" exploded the customer, his agitation increasing as the train issued its second warning whistle.

"Sorry, friend. It would be here if I'd dropped it. The train is starting to chug out of the station. You'd better run if you don't want to be left behind. Never mind paying for the beer. Have that on Judge Roy Bean!"

The traveller opened his mouth to argue but suddenly thought better of it, and dashing out of the saloon he leapt on to the train just as it was pulling out of the station.

"'Bye, friend. Come again!" yelled the beaming proprietor, his chubby, grimy fingers closing over a crisp new ten-dollar bill in his trouser pocket.

And that was how Judge Roy Bean carried on his business! He never believed in giving anyone change if he could possibly avoid it. When customers paid him for their drinks in notes he either pocketed them on the sly or dropped them on the floor and then made out he could not find them. And he always timed it just when the train was due to pull out! To his way of thinking, cheating was good clean fun!

Roy Bean was quite a character! He was tough and rough and a rogue, but most folks liked and tolerated him for all his artful ways. His one ambition was to be somebody—to be the biggest man in the territory. It took him a long time to reach that goal, for he was fifty-six when he moved in on Langtry, Texas, and then he became somebody in that dreary, isolated train-stop that called itself a town.

The early part of Bean's life was a series of ups and downs, full of escapades which nearly always landed him in trouble. He was born poor and all his life he hated poverty. It was his desire for money which made him cheat at every opportunity. He figured he had as much right to money as anyone else!

He was born in Kentucky but the greater part of his life was spent in the Southwest—Texas, Mexico, and California. During the American Civil War he was in San Antonio, Texas, helping the Southern cause by blockade-running. The Yankees had blockaded the coast, and Roy, seeing a chance to make some money, went into the hauling business. Got himself some freight wagons and carried bales of cotton into Mexico to be loaded on to British ships. On the return journey he hauled supplies back to the Confederate soldiers and civilians. He made good money, but soon lost it all in lawsuits, for in his eagerness to get rich he overstepped the mark and swindled too many people.

Roy Bean had his eye to business when, fed up with life in general and poor as a church mouse, he found himself in Langtry and decided to build a small wooden shack close to the little railway station. Langtry was between San Antonio and El Paso, and was of no importance, the town consisting of a few adobe buildings inhabited mostly by Mexicans. But trains stopped there to take on water. During the twenty-minute wait there was nothing for the passengers to do. So Roy Bean built a shack and hung out several signs which read: 'The Jersey Lilly', 'Judge Roy Bean, Notary Public', 'Justice of Peace', and 'Ice Cold Beer'!

The shack had just one room which served three purposes. It was Bean's home, a courtroom and a saloon! A plank stretched across two barrels was both a bar and a bench. The Judge would clear the beer bottles and glasses off the plank, slap down his well-thumbed law book and six-gun (to ensure law and order) and court was in session!

Bean named his place 'The Jersey Lily' after Lily Langtry, the beautiful English actress who took the United States by storm on her several visits there.

Roy had never met Lily, only seen her picture. He wrote to her and begged her to visit the town of Langtry, which he said he had named in her honour. But she only once visited Texas and that was after Roy's death, so he never met the lovely actress whose picture he worshipped.

He claimed he named the town Langtry, but there was some doubt about that. It was once called 'Eagles' Nest'; but when the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad were laid down, the little town was said to be named Langtry after William Langtry, a railroad foreman. And some folks say it was already called that when Roy Bean first arrived on the scene. It is an odd coincidence that the actress should have had the same name.

But in any case Roy most certainly named his shack after her. 'Lilly' was wrongly spelled by the ignorant sign-painter, who was working off his prison sentence by doing odd jobs for the Judge. His crime—drunkenness!

In 1882 Pecos County was a wild desolate region, full of rocky canyons and rolling barren hills, the home of coyotes, rattlesnakes, and mountain lions. Badmen on the run fled there for safety knowing that no posse would dare venture into such an arid wilderness. There was no law west of the Pecos in those days. But Roy Bean altered that. He *was* the law west of the Pecos!

When he took up residence at Langtry the Texas Rangers swore him in as a justice of the

peace, for there was no one for miles around who could sentence the badmen the Rangers arrested. Killers were taken into San Antonio or El Paso for trial, but cattle- and horse-thieves, cardsharps and the like needed to be sentenced locally, and Roy Bean was just the man to do it! He took his job seriously. He arranged marriages and divorces, and acted as coroner as well as sentencing the culprits brought in by the Rangers.

The habit of short-changing his customers at the bar also applied to fines at the bench. The Judge made it quite clear that the court would give no change in receiving fines! If a prisoner protested Bean would slap a second fine on him for disturbing the peace!

There was one occasion when acting as coroner he held an inquest on a dead man found in the district. There was nothing to identify the corpse, but a gun and forty dollars was found on him. Roy had no intention of being done out of that money!

"The court orders that the dead man be fined forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon," he barked, banging his fist down on the bench and glaring at the corpse as though defying it to argue the point. "On payment of the fine the gun shall be confiscated."

There were occasions when the Judge was somewhat prejudiced in favour of the prisoner he was sentencing. Like the time his friend Paddy O'Rourke shot a Chinaman. Paddy was a fiery Irishman who worked on the Southern Pacific Railroad and was a good customer at Roy's bar. The inoffensive little Chinaman was also a railroad worker, but unfortunately he rubbed Paddy up the wrong way one day—and that was the end of the Chinaman!

"Hmm," said the Judge in a solemn tone, tapping his old law book. "It says here that it is homicide to kill a human being. But I'm durned if I can find anything which says it's unlawful to shoot a Chinaman. You're free to go, O'Rourke. It was up to the Chinaman to get out of the way of your bullet anyway! Court dismissed! Bar's open!"

"Can't stand show-offs," said the Judge one day to a friend as some passengers got off the train and eyed his shack with dubious interest. "Just look at that there fancy-dressed dude from the East—he looks a proper know-all! Reckon I'll take him down a peg or two before the train pulls out."

The young man in question swaggered into Roy's place a couple of minutes later.

"Got any decent whisky, my man?" he asked in a patronizing tone, looking round the dirty, messy room in obvious distaste.

"The best, sir," beamed Roy, pouring out a glass of his special whisky.

Gingerly the traveller took a sip and rolled it round his tongue before swallowing.

"Call this the best?" he sneered. "Where I come from we'd call this rainwater! Haven't you anything stronger?"

"Sure. If it's pure poison you want, I've got it." And the Judge took down from the shelf a bottle containing dead tarantulas, scorpions, and centipedes floating in alcohol!

"We call this tarantula juice out here, stranger," said Roy, pouring out a glass of the liquid. "Now drink that!"

The tenderfoot's face paled visibly as he stared at the revolting-looking insects in the bottle.

"Good heavens, man! I couldn't drink that!" he protested. "It would kill me!"

"You'll drink it and like it," snapped the Judge, whipping out his .45 Colt.

The young man's hand trembled as he slowly reached for the glass. His face was ashen, and his eyes dilated with fear as he raised the glass to his lips, spilling some of the liquid in his fright.

"All right, you needn't drink it," grinned the Judge suddenly as the glass touched the man's trembling lips. "Just thought I'd teach you a lesson. We don't like tenderfeet throwing their weight about out here. So don't do it again."

"Believe me, I won't," gasped the relieved traveller, putting the glass down on the counter and dashing out of the saloon.

A moment later he was back and slammed down a five-dollar bill.

"Forgot to pay for my whisky," he said.

"Sorry, I've no change, stranger," smiled Roy, reaching out a grubby hand to pick up the note. "There goes the train whistle—you'd best hurry!"

The tenderfoot started to protest but the words died on his lips as he caught the sudden cold gleam in the Judge's eye. And, turning, he left 'The Jersey Lily' for the second—and last—time!

Roy Bean came close to death a couple of times during his varied lifetime. Once he narrowly escaped an Indian massacre. The redskins made an attack on a wagon-train, but Roy had left his wagons to ride over to an isolated fort a few miles away. It was only a small garrison and the soldiers always welcomed visitors. While Roy was playing cards and drinking with the soldiers the Indians attacked the train, burning the wagons and killing eight teamsters.

The other time Roy had an even closer call. He was hanged! As a result his neck bore a red mark and was slightly twisted. He wore a faded old neckerchief to cover up the mark, but he could not disguise the stiffness of his neck. He was unable to turn his head and had to turn his whole body if he wanted to see anything at the side or behind him. Customers at 'The Jersey Lily' were usually interested in the Judge's stiff neck and the old-timer delighted in telling them how it occurred.

"Happened years ago when I was in my twenties," he explained. "Was out in California at the time. In those days I cut a dash with the ladies—wouldn't think so to look at me now," he chuckled. "But all the pretty little señoritas flashed their dark eyes at me.

WANTED
$500 REWARD
TAR
JUI

"Well, one day I had a duel with a Mexican—on horseback it was. We galloped into town from different directions, met in the public square and exchanged shots. I was used to duelling in those days, so of course I killed the Mexican," grinned the Judge modestly.

"But that wasn't the end of it. The Mexican's pals took up the matter. You see, the duel was over a girl. The Mexican was going to marry a pretty little girl who couldn't stand the sight of him! The marriage was arranged by her family. Well, I thought it was a shame she had to be tied to an hombre she disliked. So when she asked me to help her, I agreed.

"I told the Mexican I was going to marry her. I wasn't, of course, but I had to think up something! That made him real mad and he challenged me to a duel.

"Well, when I shot him his pals were determined that I should not marry the señorita, so they ambushed me one day and strung me up! Right nasty experience it was! Hanged me from the nearest tree and then rode off!

"But Lady Luck was with me, for my neck was tough and the rope stretched. The tips of

my toes just touched the ground. While I was struggling like mad to loosen the noose the little señorita rode up and cut me down. It was her way of thanking me for saving her from the Mexican. I sure was grateful to the little lady, but I figured I'd better leave town. So I vamoosed fast, while I was still all in one piece!

"Sure was a narrow escape! See this red mark," and Roy pulled away his grimy bandana and pointed to his thick, bull-like neck. "That was where the rope burned into my skin! And my neck's been stiff ever since—the hanging kind of twisted it, I guess. But I reckon I can't grumble—not many men live to tell the tale after a necktie party!"

Roy had a partner, a cinnamon bear named Bruno! He thought the world of the bear and they were the best of friends. Bruno was a business partner, for he helped to sell Roy's beer.

He loved beer, and of course the customers willingly bought him a bottle just to see the shaggy creature pull the cork out with his teeth and down the contents. He consumed great quantities of it, but never seemed to get drunk.

Bruno also assisted the Judge in dealing with some of his prisoners. He was chained to a post on the porch of the shack. To sober up a drunkard, or frighten the wits out of a man who had been hauled before Bean on some minor offence and who refused to plead guilty, Roy would chain the prisoner to the same post as Bruno, but on a slightly longer chain.

Playfully the bear would cuff the prisoner about, or grab his feet and haul him to the ground. The more terrified the man became and the louder he yelled, the more Bruno enjoyed it. He considered it great fun and would look most miserable when the drunkard sobered up through sheer fright, or the prisoner was ready to confess his wrongs and take his punishment, and the game ended.

But poor Bruno came to a sad end, and Roy was never quite the same man after the bear's death.

The Judge was in San Antonio one day and met a whisky salesman whom he had swindled out of a few bottles of whisky. The man swore he would get even with Bean, and on meeting him in town saw his chance.

He appeared to be friendly and invited Roy into a saloon for a drink. He told the old-timer how sorry he was to find Bruno dead when he had stopped off at Langtry the previous day.

Roy was greatly surprised, for Bruno had been very much alive when he had left for San Antonio two days before.

The salesman could give Roy no details as to how the bear had died, and asked if he could have the hide in memory of the clever Bruno.

Bean saw no reason why the salesman should not have the hide. In fact he was touched at the request. He had no idea the salesman had such a sentimental streak in him!

He therefore sent a message to the man who was looking after the saloon in his absence, requesting that Bruno be skinned and his hide sent to the salesman in San Antonio.

The man was somewhat astonished at Roy's message, for Bruno was hale and hearty. But he was not the type to question the Judge and so he did as he was asked, after first shooting the unfortunate bear.

When Roy returned to his saloon a couple of days later his first words were about Bruno. He naturally asked how his pet had died. And he nearly exploded on being told it had been shot.

His bewildered companion explained that he had got Roy's message, but as he could not skin a live bear he had had to shoot it first!

The air was blue as the Judge called the salesman everything he could think of! He cursed him soundly for ten solid minutes and would have shot him on the spot had the salesman been anywhere near. But the man was wise enough to give Langtry a wide berth after that. He had paid the Judge back for his swindling, and he was satisfied. It was tough on poor Bruno though, and Bean never quite got over missing him.

Hundreds of travellers visited Roy's saloon, and he treated them all alike. Sometimes he would come across a man who demanded his change in no uncertain terms. If the customer grew violent and swore, the Judge would slap a fine on him for creating a disturbance! The rapid appearance of Roy's six-shooter or shotgun usually settled matters to the Judge's entire satisfaction. But sometimes when his guns were out of reach and irate customers threatened to bash him over the head with a beer bottle, then Roy gave them their change. But such occasions were rare indeed.

One customer made the mistake of walking out of the saloon and boarding the train without paying! That was like a red flag to a bull!

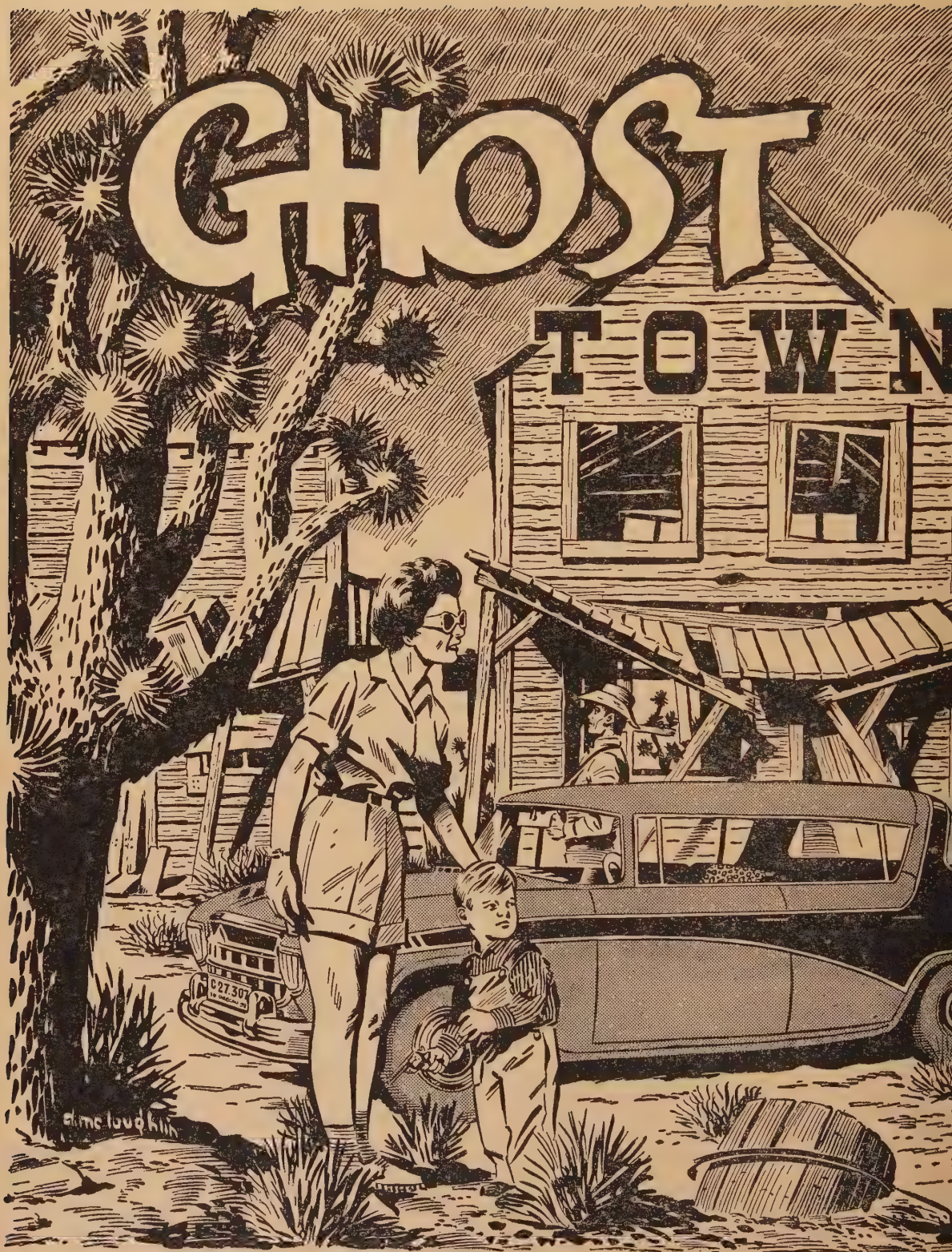
Roy snatched up his shotgun and tore up to the engine driver demanding that he hold up the train while he searched it. He went through the compartments glaring at all the passengers, a grim expression on his bearded face, and his shotgun held menacingly in his hands. Eventually he found the man for whom he was looking. Thrusting the gun in the man's chest, he demanded payment of fifty cents—or else!

The man wasted no time in paying up, and tried to explain that it was an oversight on his part.

But the Judge cut him short and told him he would be heavily fined and sentenced if such a thing ever happened again.

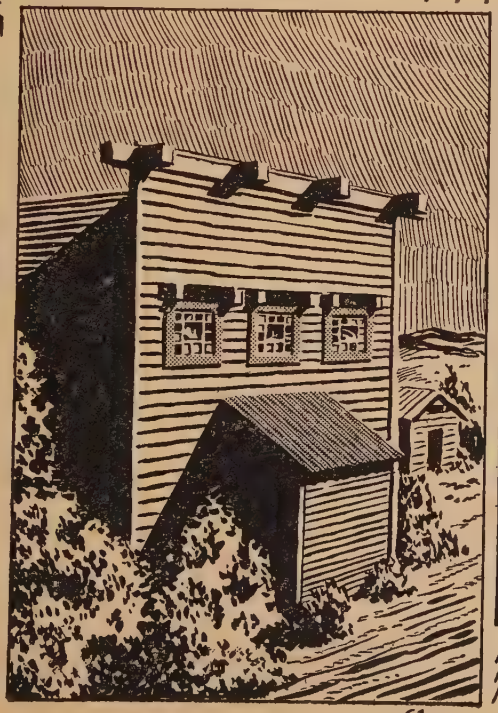
Roy stalked on to the platform and the train was allowed to proceed. There was no doubt in the mind of any passenger that Judge Roy Bean was the law!

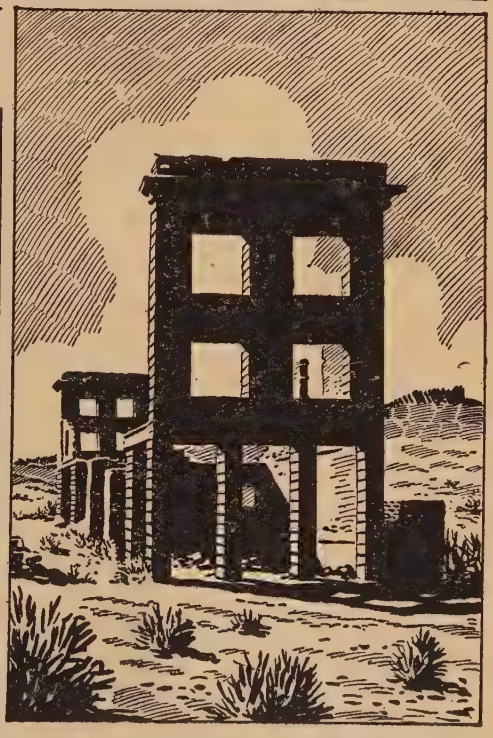
Roy died peacefully in his own bed in 1903 and was about seventy-eight years old. He had not made a fortune, but he died happy, knowing that he had become famous throughout the Southwest. For over twenty years—the time spent in Langtry—he had been somebody—Judge Roy Bean, the law west of the Pecos!


GHOST
TOWN

TO THIS DAY, THROUGHOUT THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA, THERE STANDS HUNDREDS OF FASCINATING, ABANDONED TOWNS. THESE WERE THE MINING CAMPS OF THE OLD WEST, WHICH MUSHROOMED OVERNIGHT AND FLOURISHED UNTIL THEIR RICHES WERE EXHAUSTED. SUDDENLY THEY BECAME FORLORN AND EMPTY, AND AS THE YEARS WENT BY, ONLY CRUMBLING BUILDINGS, CASTING EERIE SHADOWS OVER SILENT SAGE WRAPPED STREETS, MARKED THE GLORY WHICH HAD ONCE BEEN THEIRS. THESE ARE THE GHOST TOWNS OF THE WEST, MANY OF WHICH BEAR SUCH EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NAMES AS HANGTOWN, FRENCH FLAT, SAILORS DIGGINGS, AND SUNSHINE. IN JEROME, ARIZONA, STANDING MAJESTICALLY TODAY, IS THE ELABORATE UNITED VERDE HOTEL.

WHILST IN MIDAS, NEVADA, STANDS THE FALSE FRONTED FORMER CITY HALL, ITS STAINED GLASS WINDOWS SPARKLING BENEATH THE HOT DESERT SUN . . .



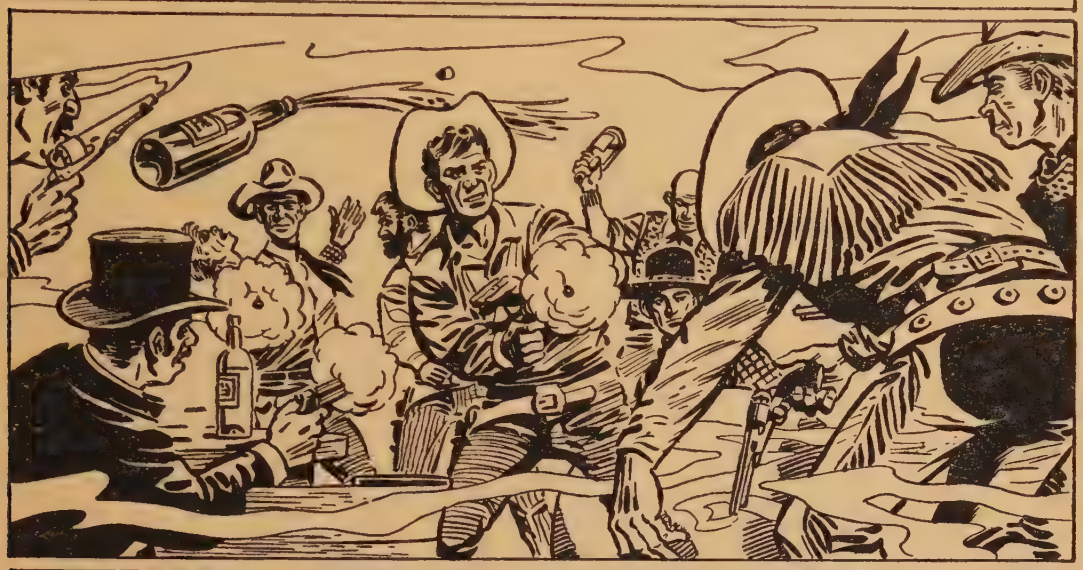


IN RHYOLITE, NEVADA, THE SHELL OF THE FORMER NATIONAL BANK BUILDING TOWERS HIGH ABOVE THE WASTE LANDS . . .

MOST OF THESE TOWNS HAD THEIR OWN 'BOOTHILLS', THE GRAVEYARDS OF THAT TURBULENT ERA. IN THE BURIAL GROUND AT SOUTH PASS CITY, WYOMING, LIES THE BODY OF NOTORIOUS 'MOUNTAIN JACK' ALVESE, WHILST IN BANNACK MONTANA REST THE REMAINS OF OUTLAW SHERIFF, HENRY PLUMMER...

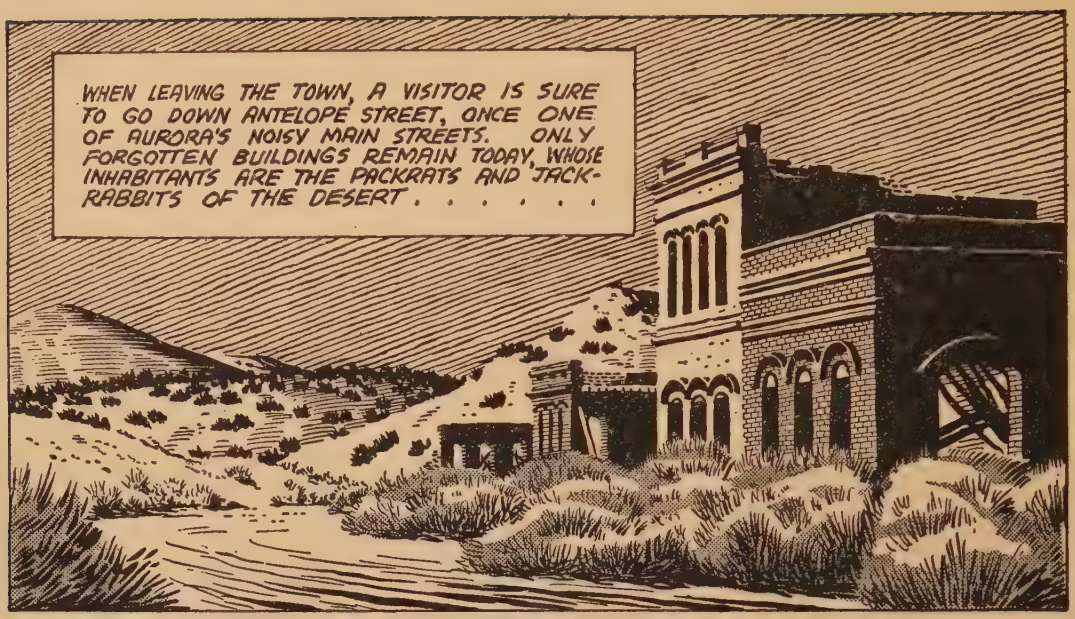
LET US NOW RELIVE SOME OF THE RIP-ROARING DAYS OF THREE OF THESE GHOST TOWNS. THE FIRST BEING AURORA, NEVADA, WHICH SPRANG UP IN 1860, AND DIED SOME FEW YEARS LATER. . . . . .

YES, THE LAST CHANCE SALOON WAS THE SCENE OF MANY OF THE SMALL TOWN'S SHOOTING SPREES, AND THE NOTORIOUS DALEY GANG FIGURED IN MOST OF THESE...



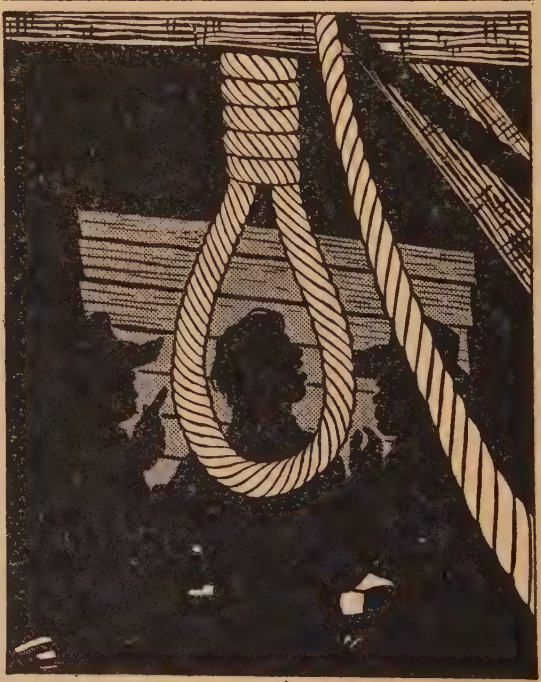
LATER, THE MEMBERS OF THE GANG WERE HANGED IN FRONT OF THE ARMOURY HALL FOR THE MURDER OF A MAN NAMED JOHNSON.

ONE CAN STILL SEE THE LAST CHANCE SALOON, BUT ACROSS THE THRESHOLD, ONE IS MORE LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER THE HISS OF SOME DISTURBED SNAKE RATHER THAN THE HISS OF A GUNMAN'S BULLET . . . . . .



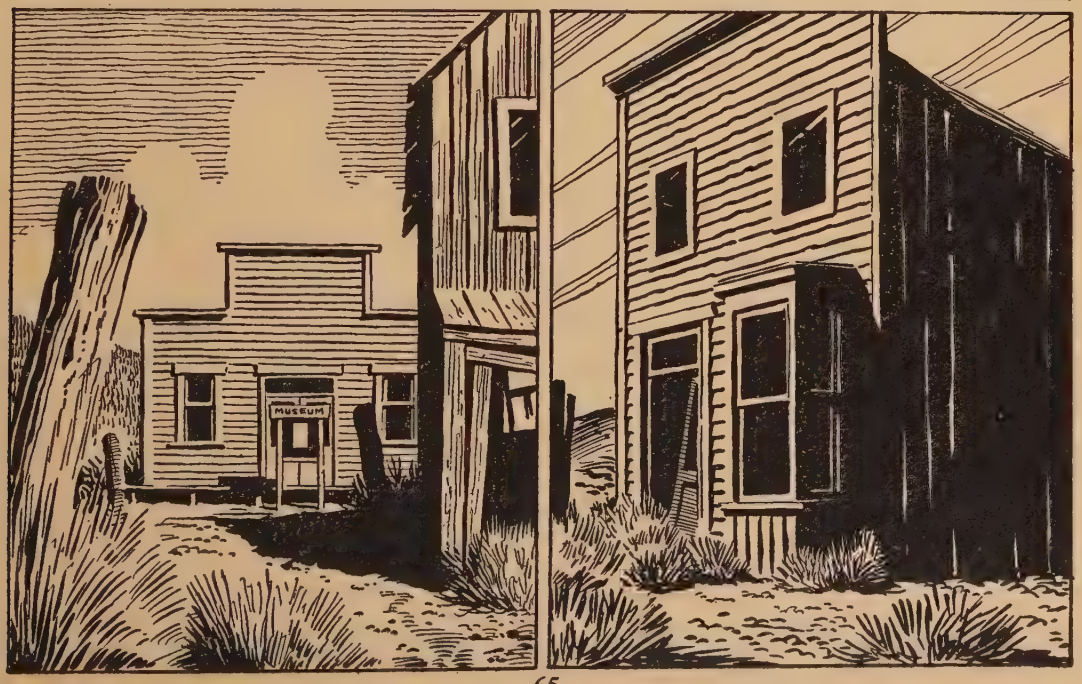
NOW COMES BODIE, THE 'SHOOTING-TOWN' OF CALIFORNIA, WHOSE 'STANDARD' AND 'BODIE' MINES BROUGHT SUDDEN WEALTH OR DEATH TO MANY OF ITS INHABITANTS. IT WAS HERE THAT TWO GUNFIGHTERS NAMED RYAN AND BANNON SHOT EACH OTHER DURING A BAR FIGHT IN A MAIN STREET SALOON . . . . . .

AT THE MINER'S UNION HALL, OCCURRED TWO KILLINGS DURING CELEBRATIONS. ON NEW YEAR'S EVE 1879, A MAN NAMED TREOLAR SHOT ANOTHER MAN NAMED LE ROCHE AS HE LEFT A DANCE AT THE HALL. THE FACT THAT HE WAS HANGED BY MINERS WAS ONE OF THE RARE CASES OF JUSTICE BEING METED OUT IN BODIE . . .



THE SECOND SLAYING OCCURRED ON THE 4TH OF JULY, WHEN A HOT HEADED IRISHMAN NAMED PAT CARROLL, TRIED TO FORCE HIS WAY BACK INTO THE MINER'S HALL, SHORTLY AFTER BEING EVICTED THROUGH CAUSING TROUBLE. PAT WAS SHOT BY A GUARD ON THE DOOR, WHO WAS A LITTLE QUICKER ON THE DRAW THAN THE MAN FROM THE EMERALD ISLE. IT WAS ALSO IN ONE OF BODIE'S SALOONS, THAT THE FAMOUS MADAME MUSTACHE HELD HER LAST FARO BANK. THEN, UNABLE TO MEET HER GAMBLING DEBTS, TOOK HER OWN LIFE . . . . .

NOWADAYS, AMONGST BODIE'S REMAINING BUILDINGS STANDS THE MINER'S HALL, AND THE RUINED GAMBLING HALL WHERE MADAME MUSTACHE DEALT. . .



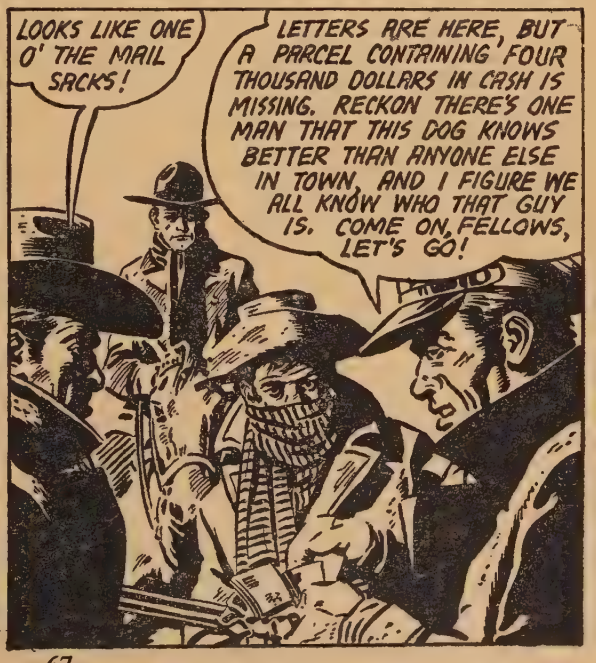
BUT, STANDING ALONE, LOOKING DOWN ON THE BODIE OF TO-DAY IS 'BOOTHILL', BY FAR AND AWAY ONE OF 'SHOOTING-TOWNS' FORMER BUSIEST PLACES . . .

FINALLY WE COME TO JARBRIDGE, NEVADA, A DESERTED MINING CAMP PERCHED CLOSE TO THE IDAHO BORDER. OLD TIMERS IN THE DISTRICT REMEMBER THAT SNOWBOUND NIGHT IN DECEMBER, 1916, WHEN STRANGE DISASTER MET THE MAIL STAGE.

UPON CALLING AT A HOUSE JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN, THE LITTLE PARTY WERE SURPRISED TO LEARN THAT THE STAGE HAD PASSED SOMETIME EARLIER . . . . . .

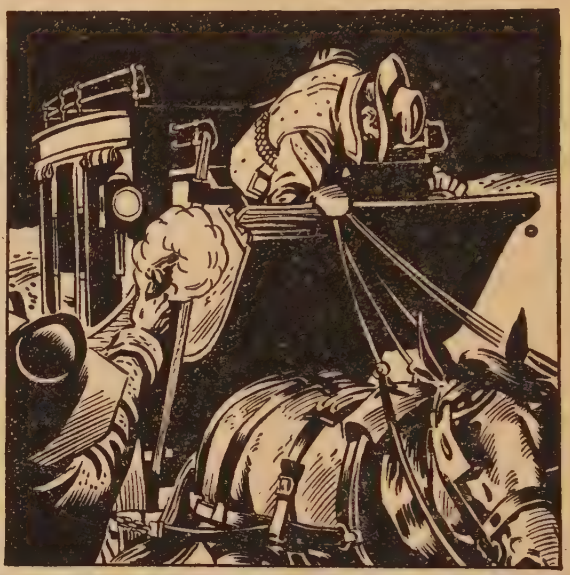
LATE THAT NIGHT, THE SEARCH PARTY DISCOVERED THE MISSING STAGECOACH, IN A CLUMP OF WILLOWS, JUST A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE MAIN ROAD INTO TOWN.

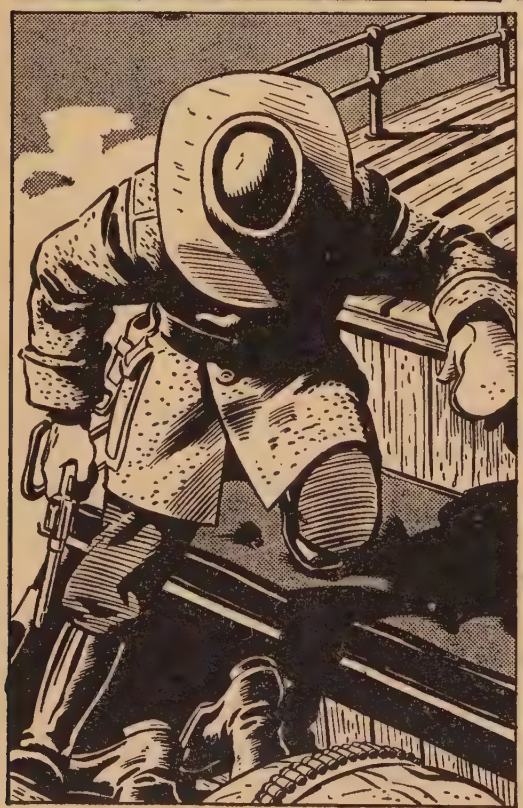
SECONDS LATER THE SEARCH PARTY WERE PEERING DOWN AT AN UNEARTHED, SLASHED MAIL SACK . . . . . .



SO, SUSPICION FELL ON AN UNPOPULAR MINER NAMED BEN KUHL, WHO HAD FALLEN FOUL OF THE LAW ON OTHER OCCASIONS. KUHL HOWEVER PROTESTED HIS INNOCENCE AND THERE WASN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HANG HIM SO HE WAS GIVEN A LIFE SENTENCE IN CARSON CITY PENITENTIARY . . . . . .

. . . . BUT IF HE WASN'T THE KILLER, WHO WAS THE MYSTERIOUS ROAD AGENT, WHO, AFTER SLAYING THE DRIVER, RODE THE STAGE PAST MRS. DEXTER'S HOUSE, HIS FACE MUFFLED TO AVOID DETECTION . .





IN THE VICINITY OF JARBRIDGE, THERE STILL REMAINS A FEW OLD TIMERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE MIDNIGHT SEARCH FOR THE INCOMING STAGE. THEY WILL SHOW YOU THE SPOT WHERE THE ABANDONED COACH WAS FOUND, AND GIVE YOU THEIR OPINION OF WHERE THE MISSING MONEY MUST STILL LIE HIDDEN . . .

YES, SIR! THEY JUST NEVER DID FIGURE WHERE THET LOOT GOT TO NOHOW! BUT I GOT A NOTION THAT IT'S LYING DOWN IN THE CANYON YONDER, NOT SPITTING DISTANCE FRO' WHERE THE STAGE WUS DITCHED!

THE END

WESTERN

TO-DAY, AN OLD WILD WEST STAGECOACH STILL RUNS BETWEEN PUEBLO AND TAOS IN NEW MEXICO. IT IS THE LAST STAGE ROUTE IN THE VAST SOUTH WESTERN AREA. . . . . .

THE VIGILANTES OF MONTANA USED THESE NOTICES TO WARN EVIL-DOERS TO GET-OUT-OF-TOWN OR ELSE! AT THIS DATE NO ONE UNDERSTANDS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NUMBERS.... IF YOU DO, PLEASE LET US KNOW. . . .

TRAVEL WAS PRETTY RISKY ON THE RIVER BOATS OF THE MISSISSIPPI-MISSOURI. OVER A FORTY YEAR PERIOD NO FEWER THAN 600 EXPLODED, COLLIDED OR BURNED. THIS IS AN AVERAGE OF OVER ONE A MONTH. . . . . .

THE TRADE RAT OF WESTERN DESERT AREAS IS BERATED FOR HIS THIEVING WAYS, BUT HE ALWAYS LEAVES SOME ARTICLE IN "EXCHANGE."

Queeriosities

JAMES BOWIE ONCE FOUGHT A DUEL IN WHICH BOTH COMBATANTS HAD THEIR PANTS NAILED TO A LOG THEY WERE ASTRIDE. THIS PREVENTED ANY RUNNING AWAY..... P.S. JAMES WAS THE VICTOR.

YOU HAD TO BE MIGHTY TOUGH TO WALK AWAY FROM SOME OF THE WILD WEST LIQUORS. THE ACTUAL RECIPE FOR 'BRANDY' GIVEN BELOW SEEMS TO PROVE THIS STATEMENT.

WATER	HALF A BARREL.
GRAPE JUICE . . .	ONE PINT.
BURNT SUGAR . . .	ONE POUND.
SULPHURIC ACID . . .	ONE OUNCE.
CHEWING TOBACCO . .	ONE PLUG.

THE BARREL WAS THEN FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH RAW NEUTRAL SPIRITS. . .

ON A JULY NIGHT IN 1957, THE HILLS OF ETERNITY MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY IN SAN FRANCISCO WAS ROBBED, AND WYATT EARP'S HEADSTONE STOLEN. AS THE STONE WEIGHED AROUND 600 LBS. IT MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME GETTING AWAY WITH.

AROUND 1860, SOME BRANCHES OF THE CAVALRY WERE OUTFITTED IN THE COSTUME BELOW. THEY WERE CALLED ZOUAVES AND MUST HAVE LOOKED LIKE CHARACTERS FROM THE 'ARABIAN NIGHTS'...

SCARLET FEATHER'S
Challenge

THE GLEAMING blade of a tomahawk flashed through the air and thudded into the trunk of a tree a few feet above where Scarlet Feather was sitting cleaning his rifle.

Jerking up his head in startled surprise, he saw his cousin, Runs Swiftly, standing a few yards off, an evil grin on his sly face.

"Watch what you are doing, Runs Swiftly!" said Scarlet Feather sharply. "That tomahawk could have split my head open! Practise your throwing at the other end of the camp where there is no chance of hitting anyone."

"Do not start ordering me about, cousin. You are not chief yet. However, I will do as you suggest, for it would not go well with me if I accidentally killed Scarlet Feather. He is much loved by our tribe—as his father was before him." And snatching his tomahawk from the tree, Runs Swiftly stalked off.

Scarlet Feather looked after his cousin with a puzzled frown.

"I wish I knew what went on in that dark mind of his," he murmured. "He has always hated me. Why, I do not know."

The answer was a simple one. Runs Swiftly was insanely jealous of his younger cousin, and always had been. Scarlet Feather was everything that Runs Swiftly was not. He was outstandingly brave, honest and sincere, and was liked by everyone who knew him. He was an expert rider, and a crack marksman with rifle and bow.

Scarlet Feather had the added advantage of being brought up by the soldiers and commanding officer at Fort Briar, so he could speak English fluently as well as his own tongue, and could think like a white man as well as a Comanche.

As a small boy he had wandered away from his village and had got lost. A cavalry patrol from Fort Briar had found him and had taken him back to the army post with them, and Colonel Millard had allowed him to stay there.

The Colonel became very attached to the Indian boy, who loved and respected his kindly foster-father. But when he was eleven years old his own father, Chief Great Bear, had claimed him as his long-lost son, and for the past five years Scarlet Feather had been living with his own people. He divided his time between his tribe and his adopted brothers at the fort.

But now Great Bear, the good and wise chieftain, was dead, and a council was being held by the medicine-man and the sub-chiefs to select someone to take his place. Even as Scarlet Feather was thinking about his cousin he was summoned to the council.

He stood at the fringe of the council circle, holding himself proudly erect as he listened to the words of Wise Eye, the aged medicine-man.

"It has been decided that Scarlet Feather, son of Great Bear, shall take his father's place and rule our tribe as chieftain," croaked Wise Eye. "Although he is only sixteen summers, Scarlet Feather is wise and as fearless as any man-warrior. His courage has been tested many times. He knows and understands the ways of our white brothers and will, like his father, continue to keep the peace between our two peoples."

Four of the stern-faced sub-chiefs were in favour of Scarlet Feather becoming chief, but the fifth, the father of Runs Swiftly, protested vehemently.

"Hold, Wise Eye! I, Snarling Wolf, say that my nephew is too young to be our chief. My son, Runs Swiftly, is many summers older than Scarlet Feather. He should be appointed chief."

"Not so, Snarling Wolf," broke in one of the other sub-chiefs. "Runs Swiftly may be older than Scarlet Feather but he has fewer battle honours. The coup-stick of Scarlet Feather is proof of his fighting qualities and bravery. Can Runs Swiftly boast of so many feathers on his coup-stick? No, Scarlet Feather shall take his father's place."

Again Snarling Wolf protested and a fierce argument broke out. At last the medicine-man held up his hand and demanded silence.

"Hear me, sub-chiefs! Since we cannot agree, Snarling Wolf shall challenge Scarlet Feather. If Scarlet Feather accepts the challenge and carries it out, then he shall be appointed chief. If he fails, Runs Swiftly will be given the chieftainship. Wise Eye has spoken."

"It shall be as Wise Eye says," agreed Snarling Wolf, a triumphant gleam in his eye. "I challenge Scarlet Feather to capture the great white stallion which roams our lands, and bring it tamed to our camp."

A murmur went round the council circle, for the challenge was a difficult and dangerous one. All eyes were on Scarlet Feather as he gave his answer.

"I accept the challenge, my uncle," said the youth quietly. "With the rising sun I will set out to capture the wild horse."

Thoughtfully Scarlet Feather moved across to the corral where the horses were grazing and mounted Snowfire, the magnificent white charger Colonel Millard had given him. He was going to Fort Briar to tell his foster-father of the task that lay before him. As he galloped out of camp Snarling Wolf gave his son a knowing look.

"This is your chance, my son. I have done my part. You know what to do?" he asked.

"I do, my father," replied Runs Swiftly. "Nothing shall stop me from becoming chief. Nothing!"

An hour later found Scarlet Feather being warmly greeted by Colonel Millard.

"It's good to see you, Scarlet Feather," beamed the officer, getting up from his desk to shake hands with the young warrior. "I was hoping you'd soon pay us another visit. Sit down, son. You—you've buried your father? Sad business, his dying. You'll take over the chieftainship, of course."

"Well, sir, that's what I've come to tell you. Wise Eye and most of the sub-chiefs want me for their chief, but my uncle, Snarling Wolf, wants his son, Runs Swiftly, to take my father's place. He thinks I am too young."

"Runs Swiftly given the chieftainship? Why, lad, that's the craziest thing I've heard!" exclaimed Millard in surprise. "Worst thing that could happen! He's a traitorous Indian. He hates the whites and has tried many times to stir up the tribe so they'd take the warpath, but fortunately your father always held him in check."

"That is so," said Scarlet Feather. "It is indeed a bad thing, for if my cousin were chief he would plunge the whole tribe into war."

"Surely the other sub-chiefs had something to say in the matter?" asked the Colonel.

"There was much talk and argument and finally Snarling Wolf settled things by challenging me to capture the wild white stallion. If I succeed, then I will become chief. But if I fail, then Runs Swiftly will take over."

"Great guns! Catching that great stallion isn't going to be easy, son," said Millard, a worried frown creasing his brow. "For years it's roamed the plains, evading every attempt to capture it. No-one, Indian or white man, has ever been able to rope it. It's kicked and trampled on many who have tried!"

"Well, I must rope it, my father! I must capture it," returned Scarlet Feather in a determined tone. "The future happiness of my tribe depends upon it!"

"The peace of the whole territory depends on it, Scarlet Feather," said the Colonel gravely. "I've always counted on the Comanches to set an example to other tribes by living peaceably with the whites."

"I know," nodded the Indian boy. "And it is up to me to see that the Comanche war-hatchet remains buried. I must get back to my village now. I just wanted to tell you about it."

"Well, good luck, my son, and be very careful," warned the Colonel, putting his arm across Scarlet Feather's shoulder in a fatherly gesture. "Difficult as this task is, I know you'll pull it off. So much is at stake."

"Goodbye for now, my father. I will return for a real visit later on. And, Colonel," added Scarlet Feather with a broad grin, "I shall expect you and your officers to attend the ceremony of my chieftainship"

"We shall be honoured, Scarlet Feather," smiled Millard.

The smile left the Colonel's face as the door closed behind the Indian lad, for he was greatly worried. Calling for his lieutenant, he explained the whole thing.

"There's really nothing we can do, Mr. Sanders, other than to see there's no foul play. I don't trust Runs Swiftly one little bit, or his sneaking father. So just take out a patrol in the morning and keep an eye on things, will you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sanders. "And try not to worry too much, Colonel. Scarlet Feather's a smart lad. Good with horses too; has a way with them. If anyone can catch that wild stallion, he can. And as for his treacherous cousin, I'll only be too happy to keep an eye on him!"

TREACHERY

At dawn the following morning Scarlet Feather set off on Snowfire for the wild-horse country to capture the great white stallion. He crossed the wide undulating prairie, headed for a high bluff where the stallion was usually seen.

After an hour's hard riding the Comanche lad saw a herd of wild mares grazing near the base of the bluff, and on looking up he saw the white horse suddenly appear on the rocky rim. It stood motionless, silhouetted against the skyline, its thick mane rippling in the breeze.

Majestically the great animal lowered its head to look down at the peaceful mares, and as it did so it caught the scent of Scarlet Feather. Its nostrils dilated and it let out a shrill neigh of anger, for it was monarch of all it surveyed and no one dared venture into its domain. Snorting wildly, it rushed down the steep path towards the mares, ready to protect them and drive off the intruder.

Scarlet Feather was just thinking that it would be no easy matter to cut the stallion off from the herd when he heard a shout behind him. Wheeling Snowfire round, he saw his cousin racing towards him.

"Runs Swiftly!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Is anything wrong? What brings you out here?"

Runs Swiftly reined in beside his young cousin, his eyes narrowed in jealous hatred, and before Scarlet Feather realised what was happening Runs Swiftly jerked up his tomahawk and caught Scarlet Feather a smashing blow on the side of the head, the force of which knocked him clean out of his saddle.

"I am here to see that you do not catch that stallion, cousin!" he snarled.

Leaping from his mount, he stooped over the still form of Scarlet Feather, who lay in a crumpled heap on the coarse prairie grass.

"You shall die, cousin! Die where you have fallen! I, Runs Swiftly, shall be chief of the Comanches!"

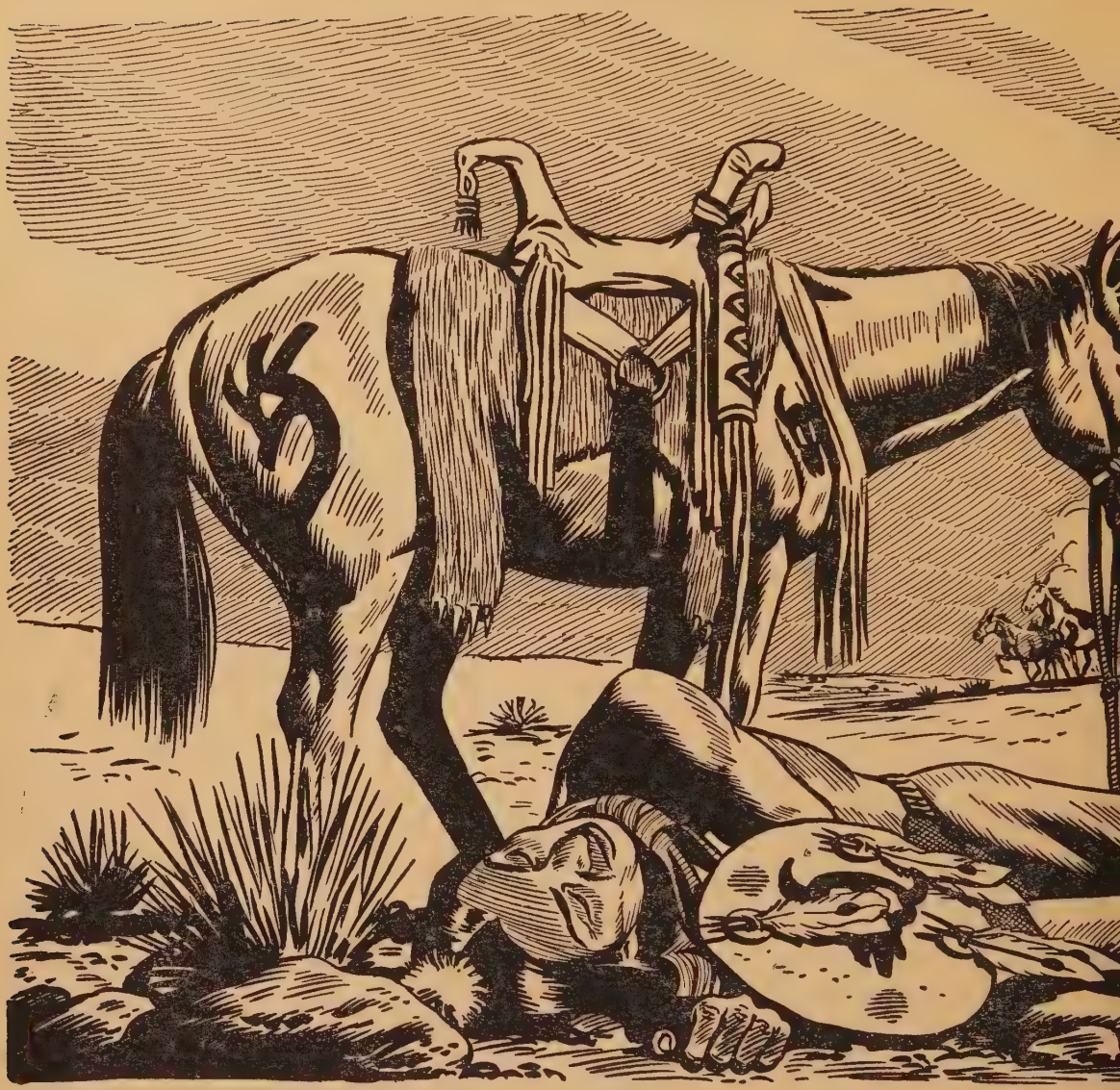
A wicked smile of triumph touched the cruel thin lips of Runs Swiftly as he vaulted on to his horse's back, satisfied that his cousin was unconscious.

"Now to stampede the herd of wild horses!" he murmured aloud. "I will drive them this way and they will trample Scarlet Feather to death. They can finish the job for me!"

Runs Swiftly streaked towards the herd watched by the flashing eyes of the white stallion, who stomped the ground in fury. The mares, sensing danger, closed up and drew nearer to their powerful protector.

The Indian circled the nervous animals, and coming up behind them he suddenly let out a series of shrill war-whoops. Kicking his pony's sides with his moccasined heels, he galloped straight towards the wild herd.

Throwing back their heads and neighing in terror, the horses fled across the grassland, led by the stallion. They were headed straight for the inert figure of Scarlet Feather, who lay directly in their path. Snowfire stood over him, gently nudging him with his muzzle, puzzled as to why his master did not move.



As Runs Swiftly turned to head back to the Comanche village he failed to see a cavalry patrol riding across the prairie. But the patrol spotted him at the same time as they saw the stampeding horses running towards Scarlet Feather.

"By glory, that looks like Runs Swiftly!" exclaimed Lieutenant Sanders, looking over at the fleeing redskin. "That's who was doing all the yelling!"

"Look, sir!" shouted the sergeant riding beside him. "Over there!" he pointed. "Lying on the trail. It's Scarlet Feather! That's Snowfire standing over him. By gosh, the lad will be trampled to death!"

Without a word the lieutenant set spurs to his mount and the powerful cavalry horse plunged into a headlong gallop. Sanders bent low over his saddle, his eyes fixed on the thundering herd as he kept urging his mount on at an even faster speed. The animal went all out, its muscles strained to the limit as it pounded towards the prostrate Scarlet Feather.

"On, boy, on! Faster! Faster! We must reach Scarlet Feather!" cried Sanders.

Nearer and nearer drew the wild horses until it seemed that nothing could save the Comanche lad.

But the cavalry horse, gleaming with sweat and foaming with exertion, sensed the urgency in his master's voice and made one mighty effort to increase its already record-breaking speed.

"Back, Snowfire, back!" yelled Sanders, leaning down over the side of his own faithful mount. The white charger just had time to bound out of the way as the lieutenant snatched up Scarlet Feather. The next instant the wild stallion—followed closely by the terrified mares—shot past, its flying hooves missing Sanders' horse by inches.

"Good boy! Good boy!" praised Sanders, patting his mount's neck as the noble animal drew to a halt.

He slipped out of his saddle and was placing Scarlet Feather down on the grass when the patrol galloped up.

"Gosh, sir, that was close!" exclaimed the sergeant. "I never thought you'd make it! How is the lad?" he added as he swung down from his saddle and unscrewed the cap of his water-bottle.

"Out cold, Sergeant. Looks like he's had a blow on the head. Perhaps the water will revive him."

After a few drops of water had trickled down his throat Scarlet Feather opened his eyes and stared at the lieutenant in a dazed fashion.

"Mr. Sanders! What are you do . . . Ooooh, my head!"

"Take it easy, son," smiled Sanders. "You've been knocked out. You were lying in the path of a herd of stampeding horses. Just rescued you in time. Another second and you would have been trampled to death!"

"Runs Swiftly!" said Scarlet Feather, his voice growing stronger. "I remember now. He galloped up after me and then bashed me over the head with his tomahawk!"

"Of all the low-down tricks!" muttered the sergeant indignantly. "Just the sort of dirty thing he would do!"

"Obviously he doesn't want you to become chief, Scarlet Feather," said Sanders. "Well, I suggest we take you back to your village and tell everyone what happened. Runs Swiftly will be thrown out of the tribe for this act of treachery. There's no need to go after the stallion now."

"No, Lieutenant," said Scarlet Feather, sitting up. "I accepted the challenge, and I mean to go through with it. My head is clearing and my strength is returning. I will rest a few minutes and then I will go after the stallion."

And nothing any of the cavalrymen said would make Scarlet Feather change his mind.

CAPTURED!

An hour later Scarlet Feather was back in his saddle. He could see the wild horses in the distance. Sensing that the danger was over, they were all peacefully grazing again. The stallion had wandered off on its own, and keeping to windward so that it could not easily pick up his scent, and keeping well under cover behind bushes and shrubs, Scarlet Feather made his way towards it.

He uncoiled his rawhide lariat and made a noose at one end. Getting as close as he dared to the wild creature, he guided Snowfire out from behind some bushes and let out a soft whistle.

Up shot the stallion's head in startled surprise, and seeing Snowfire it suddenly reared, letting out a warning whinny to the mares. As its forelegs touched the ground again, Scarlet Feather whirled his rope and sent the noose flying over the animal's head. Pulling it tight around its neck, he twisted the rope round his saddle-horn and hung on for dear life.

The stallion stood still in shocked surprise, for never in its life had it ever had anything round its neck. And then it suddenly seemed to realise what had happened. Letting out a snort of rage, it bucked and reared, twisted and turned, kicked out with its hind legs, stomped the ground in furious anger, and violently shook its head. It tried all the antics it could think of to rid itself of the tight thing round its neck. But it was all to no avail. Scarlet Feather kept a tight hold on the rope and remained firmly in his saddle.

When the stallion paused to rest from its frantic strugglings, Scarlet Feather began to shorten the rope, slowly inch by inch, speaking softly to the horse all the time. Gradually

Snowfire drew nearer to the quivering stallion, but its flashing eyes and dilated nostrils warned Scarlet Feather that it was about to resume its storming.

The bucking and prancing started all over again, accompanied by loud neighing. Suddenly it rushed at Snowfire, its great teeth bared, intent on biting a chunk out of the now somewhat nervous charger.

"It's all right, Snowfire," soothed Scarlet Feather, bringing his quirt smartly down across the wild stallion's nose.

Again the wild horse stood motionless in surprise at the unexpected blow. It was Scarlet Feather's patience which won in the end. Each time he let the stallion go through its antics, and each time it paused he shortened the rope. And all the time he kept talking to it in soft soothing tones.

At last, after an hour or so, it finally stopped all its rearing and bucking and trotted alongside Snowfire. After a few miles Scarlet Feather stopped and, leaning over, put his hand on the horse's neck and stroked it. It threw back its head and snorted, but it remained quiet.

Scarlet Feather spent the rest of the day taming the horse until at last it allowed him on its back.

"You're a lovely creature," murmured the Indian lad in his gentle tone. "And you need not be afraid. After I have taken you to my village I will turn you loose again so that you can roam the prairies as you have always done.

Dusk was falling when Scarlet Feather rode into camp on the bare back of the stallion, leading Snowfire. He was greeted by loud cheers from all his tribe, and congratulated on capturing and taming the wild horse.

Cheered and congratulated, that is, by everyone except Snarling Wolf and his son, Runs Swiftly! They stood off to one side, away from their cheering tribesmen. Both were scowling, and Runs Swiftly had a black eye and a swollen jaw.

"You fool! I thought you had killed him! You have lost your chance now of ever becoming chief! And what is the matter with your face?" asked Snarling Wolf angrily.

"It was after I had stampeded the herd of wild horses. The sub-chief of the Longknives, friend of Scarlet Feather, caught up with me and pulled me from my pony. He then hit me with his fist," replied Runs Swiftly sullenly. "He must have rescued Scarlet Feather from the stampeding herd, for as he hit me he said: 'You know what this is for, don't you, Runs Swiftly? And if the Big Chief up at the fort hears of you causing any more trouble he will throw you in the white man's prison and keep you there!'"

"Scarlet Feather has many friends at the pony soldier fort. Now he has been chosen chief it would be wise if we tried no more tricks, my son," said Snarling Wolf, his voice heavy with disappointment.

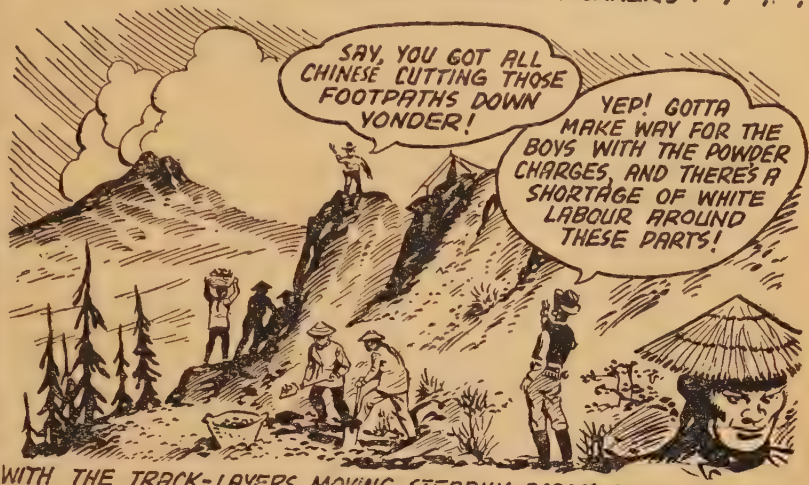
"We might have known we could not outsmart Scarlet Feather. No one can," muttered Runs Swiftly bitterly. "He is a Comanche warrior, yet the white men are his brothers. Who can fight against him and win when one side will always be ready to go to his aid!"

And so, in spite of his treacherous cousin, Scarlet Feather proudly took his father's place and became the youngest of all Comanche chieftains.

IRON HOR
ROAD
UPRR
205
IN THE YEAR 1864, TWO GREAT PIONEERING RAILROAD COMPANIES COMMENCED THE HUGE TASK OF LINKING THE EAST AND WEST WITH COUNTLESS MILES OF TRACK, ON WHICH TO RUN THEIR LOCOMOTIVES. THE UNION PACIFIC PUSHED ON FROM OMAHA, NEBRASKA, WHILST CENTRAL PACIFIC THREADED ITS WAY EASTWARDS FROM SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, THIS BROUGHT THE IRON HORSE TO THE WEST, THROUGH TERRITORY ONLY PREVIOUSLY TRANSVERSED BY STAGECOACH . . .

S E

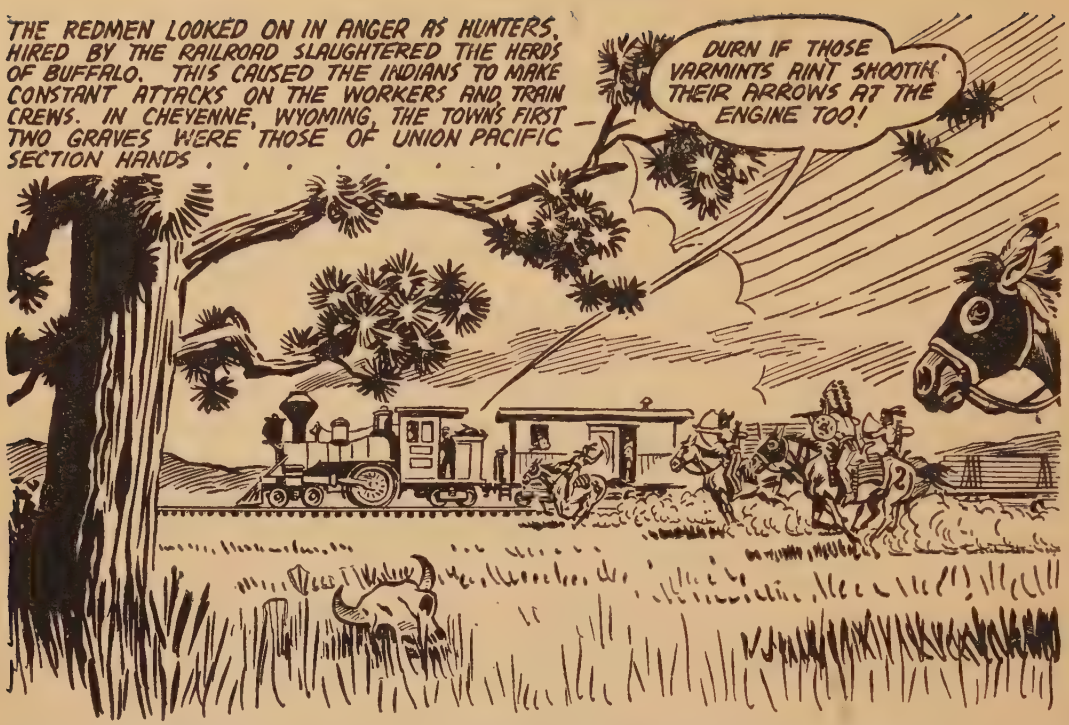
FIRST CAME THE LAND GRANTS TO ENABLE THEM TO START SURVEYING, FOLLOWED BY THE RECRUITMENT OF LABOURERS TO CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE TRACK-LAYERS. IN MANY CASES, SHORTAGE OF LABOUR MADE IT NECESSARY TO IMPORT CHINESE WORKERS . . . . .



WITH THE TRACK-LAYERS MOVING STEADILY ACROSS A MILE AND A HALF OF COUNTRY IN LITTLE OVER AN HOUR AND A HALF, THE GAILY COLOURED LOCOMOTIVES, THEIR BRASS-WORK GLEAMING, WERE SOON STEAMING THROUGH NEW TERRITORY . . . . . .

RAILHEADS SPRANG UP THROUGHOUT THE WEST AND GREW INTO TOWNS, ALTHOUGH MANY WERE PULLED DOWN IMMEDIATELY THEY HAD SERVED THEIR PURPOSE . . . . . .

THE REDMEN LOOKED ON IN ANGER AS HUNTERS, HIRED BY THE RAILROAD SLAUGHTERED THE HERDS OF BUFFALO. THIS CAUSED THE INDIANS TO MAKE CONSTANT ATTACKS ON THE WORKERS AND TRAIN CREWS. IN CHEYENNE, WYOMING, THE TOWN'S FIRST — TWO GRAVES WERE THOSE OF UNION PACIFIC SECTION HANDS . . . . . .



CENTRAL PACIFIC UNDERTOOK ITS GREATEST TASK WHEN CUTTING THROUGH THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS. THE WINTER SNOWFALLS WERE SO SEVERE THAT FORTY MILES OF SNOWSHEDS WERE BUILT TO PROTECT THE TRACK FROM ICE AND SNOW . . . .

BY MAY 1869, THE CENTRAL PACIFIC HAD EXTENDED ITS LINES 690 MILES OVER THE MOUNTAINS, AND ACROSS THE PLAINS AND DESERTS OF NEVADA . . . . . .

FINALLY, THE STEEL BANDS SPANNING THE CONTINENT WERE READY TO MEET. AT PROMONTORY, UTAH, ON MAY 10TH, 1869, UNION PACIFIC'S COAL BURNER NO. 119 STOOD FACING CENTRAL PACIFIC'S WOOD BURNER JUPITER. THEN, IMMEDIATELY THE LAST SPIKE WAS DRIVEN IN, THE ENGINES DREW TOGETHER UNTIL THEIR ENGINEERS COULD GRASP HANDS.

THE END

WILD WEST history is packed full of famous characters, some good, some notoriously bad. And all of them lived by the gun. Among those on the side of the law were many fearless peace officers who unfortunately died at the hand of some blood-lusting gunslinger. Those who lived to die in bed of old age were few indeed.

Marshal Wyatt Earp was one of the lucky ones who had a charmed life. He ranked as one of the greatest lawmen in the Golden West. He hated violence and killing and only shot law-breakers as the last resort, wounding rather than killing them, yet he cleaned up the rip-roaring towns of Wichita, Dodge and Tombstone and earned the respect of trigger-happy cowboys and vicious gunmen.

Wyatt was born in Monmouth, Illinois, on March 19th, 1848. He came from fighting stock, a family of military men who originally came from Scotland. It was from them that he inherited his undaunted courage and cool-headed reasoning that was to make him such a fine peace officer. It is no wonder that Wyatt and his brothers, Morgan and Virgil, became lawmen, for their father and grandfather were always drumming into them that the mighty West would never amount to anything until the lawless element had been cleared up. Their grandfather, Walter Earp, was a judge of the Illinois Circuit Court, and their father, Captain

Nicholas Earp, was a deputy sheriff without pay, when he was not away fighting some war or other.

Wyatt was just thirteen when the American Civil War broke out in the spring of 1861. His half-brother Newton and his brothers James and Virgil were old enough to enlist and joined the Union forces. Their father also offered his services to the North and his job was to recruit and drill three companies of troops. He made young Wyatt responsible for their eighty acres of corn, with his brothers Morgan, aged ten, and Warren, aged six, to help him. It was a gigantic task for the youngsters, but they cultivated and harvested the entire acreage and had a bumper crop of corn.

The following spring Wyatt was faced with the job of hoeing the entire eighty acres for a second crop of corn. Although he was doing a fine job—for corn was needed to feed the troops—the lad was fed up with his endless task. One day he threw down his hoe and marched off. He had had enough. He headed for town and the nearest recruiting office.

"Yes, son?" queried the recruiting sergeant as Wyatt walked boldly up to the desk.

"I want to enlist, Sergeant."

"Hmm. Pretty young for soldiering, aren't you? How old are you?"

"Seventeen," lied Wyatt, who was tall for his fourteen years.

"Seventeen, eh? What's your name?"

"Earp. Wyatt Earp."

The sergeant gave Wyatt a searching look, and then, getting to his feet, he opened a door behind his desk.

"Captain Earp," he called, "could you come here a moment, sir? There's a recruit I'd like you to interview."

"Surely, Sergeant," came a familiar voice from within the office which made Wyatt's heart sink to his boots. He was so sure that his father was miles away at another recruiting office!

"Well, Sergeant, is this the new recr . . . Wyatt! What in thunderation are you doing here?" demanded the surprised captain.

"I want to enlist, sir. I'm sick to death of cornfields! I want to get in on the fight too. I'm missing all the fun," said Wyatt, his jaw stubbornly set.

"It's a war we're fighting, son, not running a nursery school!" snapped his father angrily. "Enlisting at fourteen indeed! Off with you at once. You've got a responsible job on your hands—a man's job. If you don't look after our cornfields, who else will? You go back home right this minute!"

"Oh, all right, Father." And with a defeated sigh young Wyatt turned away.

Suddenly Captain Earp's face softened and he smiled.

"Wyatt, you did a mighty fine job on last year's crop of corn. I'm right proud of you, and I'm counting on you to turn out another good one this year. I'm depending upon you entirely. I know you won't let me down. You're doing a worthwhile job—even though you may find it dull. I'll tell you something, I get sick of my job at times too—and I bet the sergeant here feels the same way, but it's our special task and we've got to buckle down and do it."

"Sure, Father. I understand. And I'm sorry. I won't run away to enlist again—leastways, not until I'm seventeen. By cracky, by that time I'll be looking like a kernel of corn!" And Wyatt's serious young face broke into a grin. "'Bye, sir. 'Bye, Sergeant."

"So long, son. Tell your mother I'll be home tonight."

"'Bye, Wyatt," smiled the sergeant.

So Wyatt went back to his hoeing and planting. The war ended by the time he was seventeen, so he never did join the army!

When Wyatt was sixteen his father retired from military duties and decided to go west to California. Other families in the neighbourhood had the same idea, so they formed a party—one hundred and fifty of them, forty wagons with five hundred head of cattle, plus spare oxen and horses. Nicholas Earp was elected captain of the wagon-train.

To Wyatt's delight, his father put him in charge of the two Earp wagons and their livestock. His brother James had been invalided out of the army, and he, Morgan, Warren, their little sister, and mother all went along.

From the time Wyatt was about seven he could shoot but he never owned a gun of his own until the family set off for California, and then his father gave him a muzzle-loading rifle. It was double-barrelled—one on top of the other, and was a combination rifle and shotgun.

"Wyatt, you're a mighty fine shot," said his father. "We've had many a good meal from the rabbits and deer that you've brought home. So here's a rifle for you. You'll be the hunter for our party on this trip. I've divided the emigrants up into groups. There are twenty in our party and it will be your job to supply them with fresh meat all the way to the Pacific coast."

"Sure, Dad. That's a job I'll really enjoy doing," grinned Wyatt, proudly tucking the cumbersome rifle-come-shotgun under his arm. "I'm going to enjoy every minute of our trip west. Let's get the wagons rolling and be on our way!"

Wyatt did a man's job on that long trek westward, and did it well. He looked older than his sixteen years, for he was almost six feet, with a slim but wiry, muscular body. He was a good-looking lad with clear-cut, refined features, large expressive blue eyes, a generous mouth and a determined jaw.

His expression—especially as he grew older—was usually thoughtful and stern, but he had a warm, friendly smile.

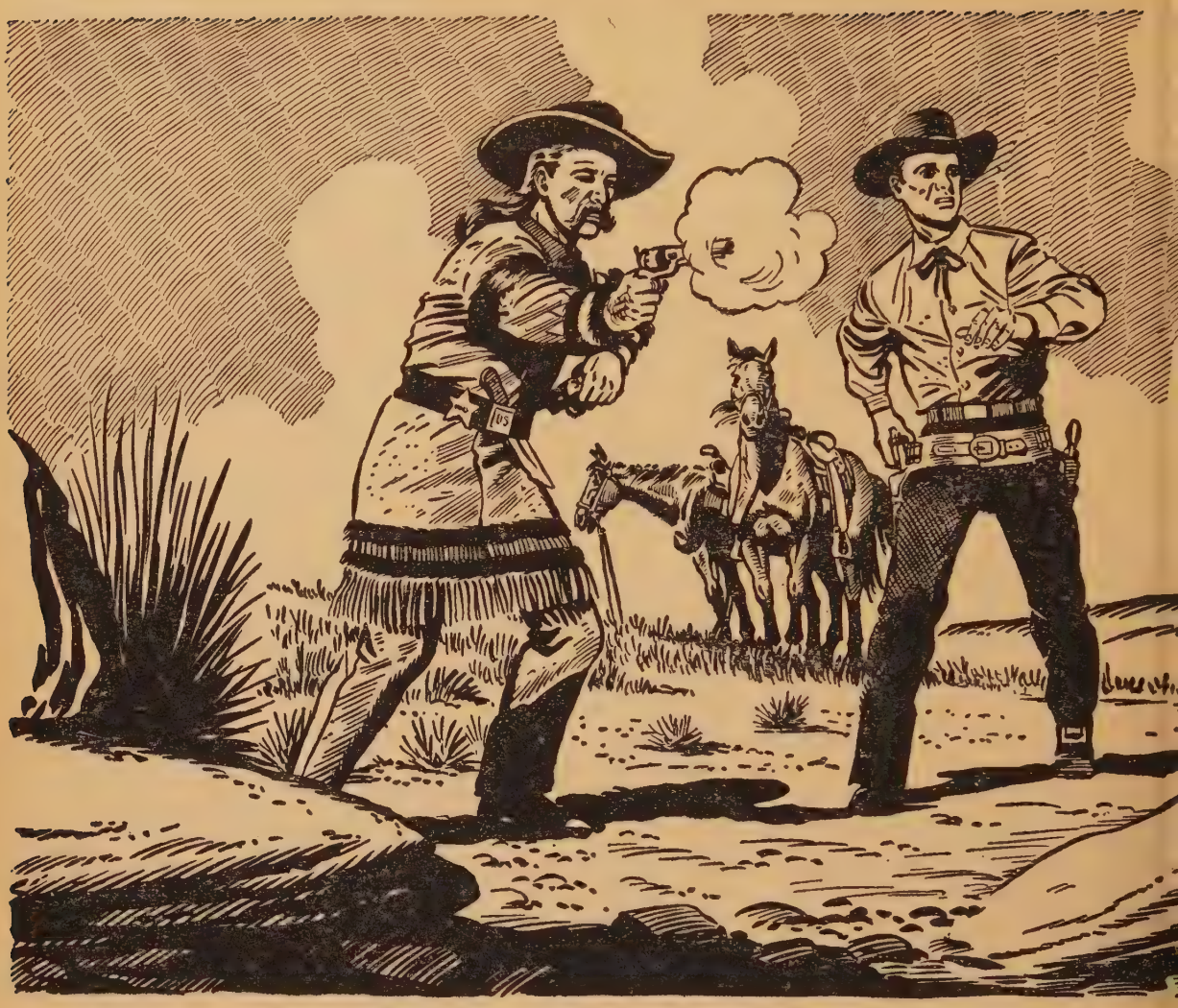
In between outriding and looking after the herd when the train made camp for the night, Wyatt shot enough game and prairie chickens to keep his party in fresh meat three times a day.

The wagoners stopped off at Fort Bridger for a two-week rest, and Wyatt made friends with old Jim Bridger, the famous scout and noted frontiersman. Bridger was nearing sixty and Wyatt was enthralled by all the tales the old-timer told him of his fur-trapping days and Indian fighting. The scout took a liking to young Earp and took him trout fishing. Wyatt so enjoyed old Jim's yarns he persuaded him to go fishing with him every day of his stay at the fort. By the time the wagon train moved off, Wyatt's party was sick of eating trout morning, noon and night, and the first thing Wyatt was asked to do was to shoot an antelope for a change of diet!

It took seven months to reach San Bernardino, California, and apart from a couple of Indian attacks the wagon-train had an uneventful journey.

At seventeen, in San Bernardino, Wyatt got his first job with pay—driving a stagecoach. He had a way with horses and mules and could, with gentle handling, tame the wildest, most stubborn of them. He started out by driving a six-horse coach one hundred and twenty miles a day. The horses were changed every ten miles at stations along the route. He did that every day for three months without a break. He always got the stage through dead on time, and escaped every ambush planned by outlaws.

By that time Wyatt was six feet one and all muscle, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his strong, hard body. From stagecoaches he went over to driving freight wagons pulled by teams of ten mules. He hauled goods down to Prescott, Arizona, a twenty-day journey of four hundred and fifty miles of barren isolation and desert heat. Added to the hardships of the journey were attacks by Apaches and hold-ups by white bandits. But Wyatt's cool courage and determination got the wagons through safely.



After a year or so of freighting Wyatt got a job with the Union Pacific Railroad which was then being built across Wyoming territory. He was in charge of the horses and mules in the railroad camp and also drove a big plough which turned the earth over for the graders who followed on behind laying the wooden sleepers.

The railroad gangs did not work on Sundays, and prize-fighting was a regular Sunday-morning entertainment. Wyatt took an interest in boxing and soon became skilful at the art of fisticuffs. In any big contest between gangs of graders Wyatt was always chosen to act as referee. The tough, hard-drinking, hard-fighting railway workers liked the good-natured, even-tempered young man and knew he could be relied upon and trusted. They had to choose an honest man to act as referee, for he held all the betting stakes! Wyatt got along well with all the labour gangs even though he never drank and was as quiet as they were rowdy. But he worked hard, was afraid of no one, and was pleasant to everybody, and that was enough for the men.

In those days Wyatt had no desire to become a peace officer. He had no use for cold-blooded killers or any other form of law-breaker, but he had no thought then of earning his living as a lawman.

After leaving the railroad he became a buffalo hunter, and his first job was with a party of government surveyors and engineers. He had to supply them with fresh meat and protect them against hostile redskins.

Wyatt did well as a buffalo hunter. He made a fair amount of money and his reputation began to spread across the great Kansas plains. He became known for his prowess with a rifle, his expert handling of horses, and his utter fearlessness.

In his early buffalo-hunting days Wyatt met Wild Bill Hickok, who was undoubtedly the Prince of Pistoleers. Hickok was also a buffalo hunter at the time but was soon to become the famous fighting marshal of Abilene, Kansas, who kept law and order with his lightning six-guns.

Wild Bill had already been in several gun-fights, but at that time Wyatt had never faced a white man over his gun-barrel, and he learned a lot from Hickok on the methods of drawing and shooting.

Hickok impressed upon Wyatt the importance of taking his time, and also of avoiding flashy gunplay. By taking his time he did not mean that Wyatt should slow down his shooting, because that would prove fatal against a fast gunman. Speed was absolutely essential. What

Wild Bill meant was to draw as quickly as the muscles would allow, but to remain mentally calm and unflustered. It was the unhurried, cool, level-headed gunman who was always the fastest—and the deadliest.

Wyatt never forgot the sound advice that Wild Bill Hickok gave him. When on the trail he always packed two guns, and after his talk with Wild Bill he decided to practise drawing and shooting, for in those perilous days as soon as a man became known on the frontier he became a target for some glory-seeking gunman.

Wyatt could handle his guns right enough, but he wanted to improve his style and speed so as to be ready for the time when some cocksure gunslinger tried to get the draw on him. He wore his guns low on his slim hips, in open holsters, with the muzzles slightly forward on his thighs.

For over three years Wyatt was a buffalo hunter, and then came the memorable day in August 1873 when he rode into Ellsworth, Kansas, and saw his old friend Sheriff Whitney shot down in cold blood by drunken Bill Thompson, who fired two barrels of buckshot point-blank at the lawman.

That incident altered Wyatt's whole life, for right there and then he decided to become a lawman and teach a few badmen they could not go about shooting innocent people. The mayor of Ellsworth was only too pleased to pin a marshal's badge on Wyatt, for his other peace officers lacked the courage to stand up to gunfighters as notorious as Bill and Ben Thompson.

Bill Thompson, with the help of his brother Ben, a gunman of ill repute, had made a get-away after shooting Sheriff Whitney, but Ben was still in town. As he was an accessory to the sheriff's murder, Wyatt Earp arrested him.

People never forgot the time that Wyatt Earp arrested Ben Thompson, for the gunman had a shotgun aimed right at the new marshal. Thompson had never before seen such cool courage and he watched in sheer amazement as Wyatt walked slowly towards him, his hands hanging easily at his sides, completely ignoring the gun-barrel aimed at his heart.

Bad as Ben Thompson was, he respected a brave man. He had heard of the young buffalo hunter and knew he was no gunman. Because Wyatt faced him so calmly and fearlessly, Thompson threw down his shotgun and accompanied Earp to the jailhouse.

To Wyatt's disgust the judge only charged Ben Thompson with disturbing the peace and fined him twenty-five dollars, for he, like everyone else in town, was afraid of the gunman. That was enough for young Earp. He promptly turned in his newly acquired badge and told the judge he would not take on the job as marshal of Ellsworth at any price. He saw no sense in arresting a gunman who was an accessory to murder if the judge was afraid to charge and sentence him for that crime. He considered it was criminal injustice!

And with that he left Ellsworth. But within a short time he found himself marshal of Wichita, a cowtown packed with cowboys bringing in trail herds, overcrowded with saloons and overrun with gamblers and gunfighters. He decided to take over the job when he was assured that he could go the limit in seeing that the law was carried out, and that the judge was prepared to punish the men he brought in.

Wyatt lost no time in bringing law and order to Wichita. The first thing he did was to ban the wearing of guns in town. Anyone riding into town was ordered to check his guns at the marshal's office.

Wyatt knew that on the whole the cowboys were not law-breakers, but when they reached town after a long cattle drive they wanted to let off steam. They had a large payroll which they could not get rid of fast enough. They filled the saloons and drank and gambled away

their money. When a hilarious, drunken cowhand started waving his guns around, trouble was bound to follow. So Wyatt relieved them of their weapons.

At first there was bitter resentment and downright refusal to surrender their guns, but Earp soon made them do as he ordered. When they refused to check their guns he used his fists to disarm them, or else knocked them over the head with his gun-barrel. He never shot unless a man drew on him first. He was lightning fast with his guns by that time and everyone in town quickly realized that he meant business.

Wyatt believed in dealing with leaders of any troublesome gangs or mobs. By getting them to keep the law their followers did likewise. The arrest of Ben Thompson proved that. Thompson had the greatest respect for Earp, and whenever he went to Wichita and later to Dodge neither he nor any of his cronies ever gave Wyatt any trouble. They were model citizens while in Marshal Earp's town! And the same thing happened with Mannen Clements after a showdown with Wyatt.

Wyatt had not been in Wichita long before he realised that Mannen Clements was the tough leader of a large group of cowboys. Clements was a cousin of John Wesley Hardin, a notorious young gunman with a string of killings to his name. Mannen had the same bad blood in him, for he too was a gunfighter who would kill a man at the slightest provocation. He admitted that he would shoot any man for a couple of hundred dollars!

When Mannen heard that the new marshal had thrown several cowboys in jail for refusing to check their guns and resisting arrest, he decided to show Earp a thing or two. No lawman was going to tell him or his cowboys what to do! So he planned to tree Wichita—which meant that he and his cowboys would ride up and down the town, shooting at everything and anybody, causing a great deal of damage and many casualties.

Wyatt got word of Clements's plan and rounded up a posse of ten men, two of his deputies and eight law-abiding citizens. All the men were armed with two six-shooters and a rifle each. They took up their position just inside the town limits, and had strict orders from Wyatt not to shoot unless he fired a shot. Wyatt moved a little ahead of his men, who were strung across the street, their rifles held at the ready. He lounged against a post on the broadwalk so that he would not at first be noticed when the cowboys rode up.

The posse did not have long to wait. Forty Texas cowboys, bent on making trouble, came thundering into Wichita, led by Mannen Clements. On seeing the armed men strung across the street they drew rein. There was a short discussion, and they dismounted. Drawing their six-guns, they advanced towards the little group of riflemen, with Clements in the lead.

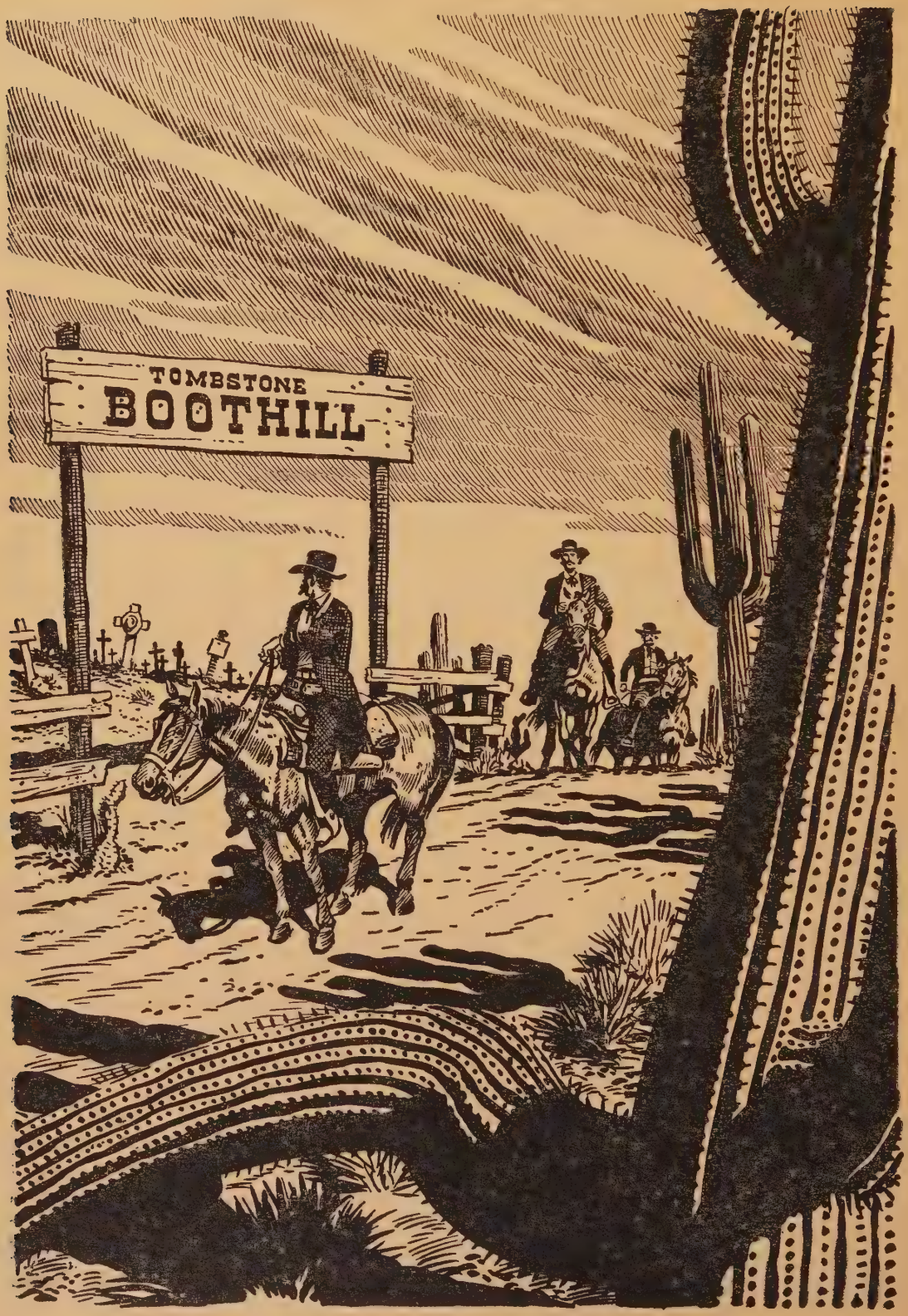
Suddenly they stopped dead in their tracks as a tall, stern-faced young man in a white shirt, black shoe-string tie, black trousers, shining soft black-leather riding-boots, and a black wide-brimmed hat stepped off the broadwalk and moved towards them. He walked with an almost casual yet determined tread, his hands swinging loosely at his sides but within easy reach of his holsters. Any one of those forty cowboys could have ended his life in a flash, but Wyatt ignored their weapons.

"Clements, put up your guns and take your boys back to camp," said Wyatt coolly.

There was no mistaking the tone of Earp's voice. He had issued a quiet order and expected it to be followed out at once.

And just as Ben Thompson had thrown down his rifle and submitted to arrest, so Mannen Clements, after a brief moment of looking into Earp's steely blue eyes, holstered his guns and ordered his boys back to camp. He, too, respected a man of courage, and it was the first time any man had ever stood up to him unafraid before his deadly six-guns.

A couple of days later one of Clements's cowboys pulled a gun on Wyatt. He was very drunk and in a dangerous mood. There was a sudden flurry of movement and Wyatt's right


TOMBSTONE
BOOTHILL

hand dropped to his holster and came up with a blazing six-gun. The cowboy let out a howl of pain and grabbed his wrist, his gun falling to the ground.

"Take him over to the doc's office to have his wrist bandaged," snapped Earp to the cowboy's companions. "It's only a flesh wound. Then take him back to camp and tell Mannen Clements I want to see him in my office tomorrow morning."

Sure enough, the following morning Clements walked into the marshal's office.

"Earp, thanks for not killing that kid yesterday. He should have known better than to have pulled a gun on you. He's my cousin, you know," said the gunman.

"Is that so? I didn't know. Now look here, Mannen," said Wyatt, indicating a chair beside his desk, "you can help me out. I want you to tell your cowpunchers to quit toting guns in this town. They'll do as you tell 'em, and that will save me a lot of work. I don't want to make it tough on the cowboys. They need some fun and relaxation after a trail drive, and they get bored being in camp, but I will not have guns worn in this town. They go off too easily when a fellow gets drunk. Much as I like the cowhands, I'm determined they'll check their guns even if it means shooting everyone who refuses my order."

"I've never taken orders from anyone, Earp. But I've got to hand it to you. You're fair and square. You mean what you say and you don't chuck your weight about—you go to work quietly. And you're the bravest fellow I've ever met up with! O.K., I'll spread the word around. You won't have any more trouble with the cowboys in this man's town!" An unexpected grin broke out on the hard face of the gunman. "You're plenty smart, Marshal. You know durn well that I come from a large family and have about forty relatives who are cowboys. Naturally I don't want to see them shot up. And *you* asking *me* to help you out is about the durndest thing I ever heard!"

Badman though he was, Mannen Clements kept his word, as Wyatt knew he would, and from that day on all the cowboys who rode into Wichita checked their guns. Even the toughest of gunmen came to respect Wyatt Earp, and his fame steadily grew and spread across the West.

When Wichita became a law-abiding town Wyatt moved on to Dodge, where, on 17th May 1876, he was made deputy marshal. He was appointed marshal a year later.

Dodge City was the queen of the cowtowns, the wildest city on the frontier, and Wyatt had his work cut out for him. His reputation helped, for many men were loth to start trouble with Earp.

He had some good deputies to help him, fearless, hard-working men like himself who could shoot straight. There was young Bat Masterson who had hero-worshipped Wyatt for many years. Charlie Bassett, Bill Tilghman, and Neal Brown. All peace officers who made names for themselves. With five such stalwart lawmen, the badmen of Dodge had a tough time!

It was at Dodge that Wyatt and his four fellow peace officers met Ned Buntline and were each given a Buntline Special. For the rest of his career as a lawman Wyatt always carried the special long-barrelled Colt in his right holster. It became his favourite gun and saw much service, both in firing bullets and in being used as a club to 'buffalo' stubborn law-breakers!

Wyatt spent about three years in Dodge, thirty-six months of danger, excitement and hard work. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had brought law and order to the wild and woolly town. His brother Morgan took over Bat Masterson's job when Bat was made sheriff of Ford County, and Morgan showed the same cool fighting qualities as Wyatt.

When Dodge was tamed Wyatt thought he would give up his job and operate a line of stagecoaches. But instead he was talked into becoming a peace officer of Tombstone, Arizona. With him went his two brothers, Morgan and Virgil. The three brothers were known as 'The Fearless Earps'. And they all looked very much alike. The same height and weight,

wavy light brown hair, blue eyes and sweeping moustaches. (Wyatt had started growing his in Dodge.)

It was in Tombstone that Wyatt faced singlehanded a mob of five hundred angry men set on lynching one of his prisoners. Wyatt held back the advancing mob with his double-barrelled shotgun and threatened to shoot the first man who took one more step forward.

He addressed a couple of men in the front of the crowd and appealed to their better judgment. He told them to go home and leave the job of executing justice to the law. He told them that it was his duty to protect his prisoner and he would die for it, if necessary. But in dying several men in the mob would also be killed, for he would go down with his guns blazing.

A murmur broke out amongst the crowd. A few of the men lowered their weapons and turned away. Slowly the lynching party broke up, for not one of those five hundred men wanted a taste of Earp's guns. It took some doing to face a mob of that size, but then Wyatt had sand—plenty of it!

The famous gunfight at the O.K. Corral took place in Tombstone between the Earp brothers and their friend Doc Holliday, and the Clanton Gang. It lasted about thirty seconds. Three of the Canton gang were killed, and Virgil Earp was wounded in the leg.

Things were never the same for the Earps after that fight, for friends of the Clanton Gang threatened revenge. In an open fight the Earps could stand up to anything, and everyone in Tombstone knew it. But they were helpless against cowardly shots in the back. Such a shot ended Morgan's life and badly wounded Virgil.

That finished Wyatt. He had had enough of gunmen and killing. He turned down the job of United States Marshal of Arizona and he and Virgil left Tombstone and went to California.

In the years that followed Wyatt led a peaceful and a prosperous life. He went in for gold- and copper-mining, breeding race-horses, and the buying and selling of land.

The great man died in January 1929, in Los Angeles, California. He was almost eighty-one. He had gone through his varied life unscathed—a truly remarkable thing for a man who had faced so many gunmen and so many bullets. Whatever job he undertook, he did it well. He was honest and sincere in everything, and not once did he ever do anything of which he was ashamed.

It is no wonder the name of Wyatt Earp lives on, and his praises are still sung today. Wyatt Earp—"brave, courageous, and bold!"

LONE RIDER

THE BOOMING TEXAS CATTLE INDUSTRY WITH ITS HUGE PROFITS BROUGHT RICH BUSINESS-MEN FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO TAKE UP COW RAISING THROUGHOUT THE LONE STAR STATE. VAST SPREADS LIKE THE 'ROCKING CHAIR', 'MATADOR' AND THE 'PRAIRIE CATTLE COMPANY' HAD ALL BEEN BOUGHT BY ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH NOBLEMEN. SO, WHEN A PARTY OF BLUE-BLOODS FROM ENGLAND OFFERED TO BUY COLONEL C.C. SLAUGHTER'S 'LAZY S' RANCH FOR $500,000 HE ACCEPTED, WHOLEHEARTEDLY...

d.mc loughlin.

IN THE SWANK APARTMENT OF A TWO-STORY FRAME HOTEL IN THE FRONTIER VILLAGE OF DALLAS, 1881 . . . . . .

HAND THIS OVER TO TEX HOOPER WHEN YOU ARRIVE AND HE'LL TURN THE RANCH OVER TO YOU. IT'S A LONG RUN BUT THAT COACH AND TEAM I RENTED YOU SHOULD MAKE IT A WHOLE LOT PLEASANTER.

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES IS CERTAINLY A LOT OF COUNTRY TO TRAVEL! BUT THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE. WE'LL START FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, AND OF COURSE LET US NOT FORGET YOUR DRAFT FOR $500,000, OLD BOY!

THREE DAYS LATER, COL. SLAUGHTER WAS STILL TRYING TO CONSOLE HIS TEN-YEAR-OLD SON BOB, WHO HAD BEEN SULKING SINCE HIS FATHER SOLD THE 'LAZY S' TO THE FOREIGN INVESTORS . . . . . .

KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL, SON! I'VE WATCHED THAT RANCH GROW FROM A STRAY MAVERICK TO WHAT IT IS TODAY. FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE COW TRADE AIN'T EASY, BOB, AND I GOTTA FEELING THERE'LL BE A DROP IN THE MARKET 'FORE LONG!

SHUCKS, POP! BUT I'M GOING TO MISS RIDING THE RANGE.... SAY, WHO'S THIS COMING ACROSS THE PORCH?

I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, COLONEL. I AM FROM THE TEXAS LAND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY. WE WERE A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT CASHING THAT DRAFT... THE FACT IS WE CABLED OUR OFFICE IN ENGLAND AND IT ISN'T WORTH THE PAPER IT IS WRITTEN ON!

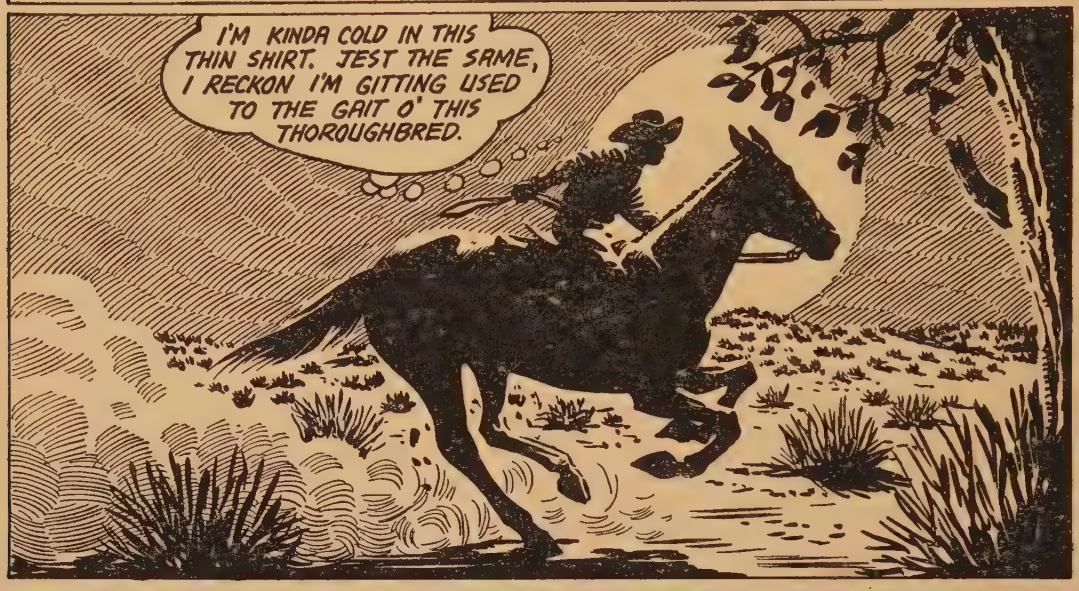
SWINDLERS! DURN ROGUES WHO ACCEPTED GENUINE HOSPITALITY BEFORE THEY LEFT. I SHOULD HAVE MADE THEM WAIT. RIGHT, SIR! YOU CAN DO NO MORE. I MUST ACT QUICKLY!

THAT NIGHT COL. SLAUGHTER SAW HIS SON OFF ON A STEELDUST THOROUGHBRED IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO OVERTAKE THE BOGUS NOBLEMEN . . . . . .

YOU GOT A BETTER CHANCE THAN I, SON! YOU KNOW THE TRAILS AND ARE A WHOLE LOT LIGHTER IN THE SADDLE. REMEMBER THE 'LAZY S' IS AT STAKE!

I FEEL A MITE STRANGE ON THIS BIG HOSS, POP, AN' I SURE MISS THE HIGH-HORNED SADDLE. BUT IF IT'S GOOD BLOOD-LINES AN' LIGHTNESS THAT COUNT, THEN I'LL RIDE THE CRITTUR ANYWAY!

SO, AS THE MOON CAME UP, YOUNG BOB SLAUGHTER THUNDERED ON THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE MONEY TO BUY FRESH MOUNTS CLANGING IN HIS SADDLEBAGS . . .



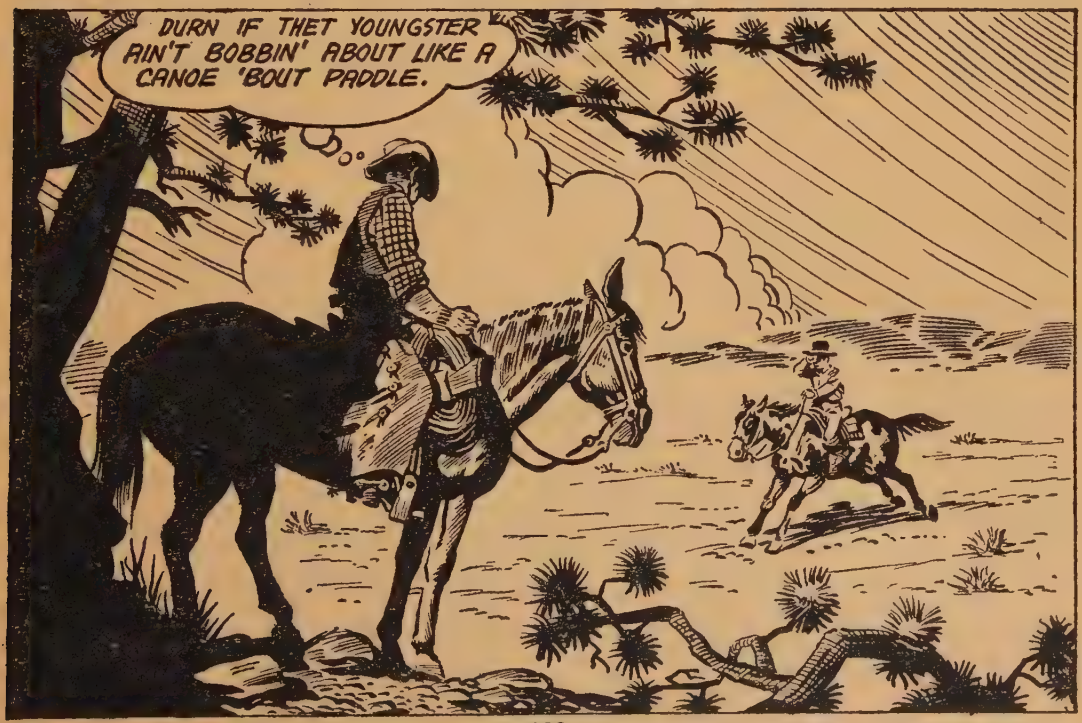
AT FORT WORTH, BOB STOPPED TO WATER HIS HORSE AT THE VILLAGE HORSE TROUGH . . . . . .

THAT AFTERNOON, BOB RODE HIS FRESH MOUNT OVER THE PALO PINTO MOUNTAINS. BUT BY LATE AFTERNOON HIS HORSE HAD DEVELOPED A LIMP . . . . . .
SHE'LL NOT CARRY ON LONG WITH THIS FOOT. IF WE KIN JEST MAKE SETH BARNES' CORRAL IN THE COTTONWOODS!
WHOA! STEADY, BERUTY! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE CORRAL ON FOOT!
SAY, AMIGO! WILL YOU PLEASE CARE FOR MY HOSS DOWN AT THE CREEK. I'D LIKE TO BUY ONE OF SETH'S HOSSES.
SI, AMIGO! BUT SENOR BARNES IS OUT WITH HIS RIDERS. THERE IS ONLY AN OUTLAW STALLION LEFT IN THE CORRAL!

DESPITE THE WARNING OF THE MEXICAN VAQUERO, BOB SLAUGHTER PERSUADED HIM TO THROW HIS LIGHT SADDLE ACROSS THE WILD HORSE . . .
THE CAYUSE IS PLAIN LOCO, AMIGO! BUT IF YOU INSIST, THEN ADIOS!
THANKS, AMIGO! BUT I JUST GOTTA RIDE THIS HOSS SOMEHOW! THROW OPEN THE GATES AN' I'LL TRY TO RIDE HIM OUT!
WHOOPS! GIDDUP, YOU ORNERY CRITTUR, AN' LET'S GIT HITTIN' FOR THE RED RIVER!
AFTER RIDING ALL NIGHT ON THE HALF-TAMED OUTLAW, BOB WAS GLAD WHEN DAWN BROKE, AND THE FAMILIAR SIGHT OF THE COLORADO RIVER LAY BEFORE HIM. SUDDENLY A SMELL OF COOKING MADE THE YOUNG BOY PEER DOWN INTO THE VALLEY BELOW . . . . . .
WELL, JASPER! PROBABLY THE OLD TEXAS CATTLE BARON WILL BE JUST ABOUT BLOWING THROUGH HIS GOOD OLD SOUTHERN WHISKERS IN FURY BY NOW....
YES, AND US CLOSE TO THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM DALLAS, OLD BOY!
... FOUR DOLLARS PER, PLUS THE SMALL COST OF FATTENING, THEN A NICE SUM OF SIXTY DOLLARS ERCH HEAD. WE'RE GOING TO BE EVER SO FABULOUSLY RICH, GENTLEMEN!

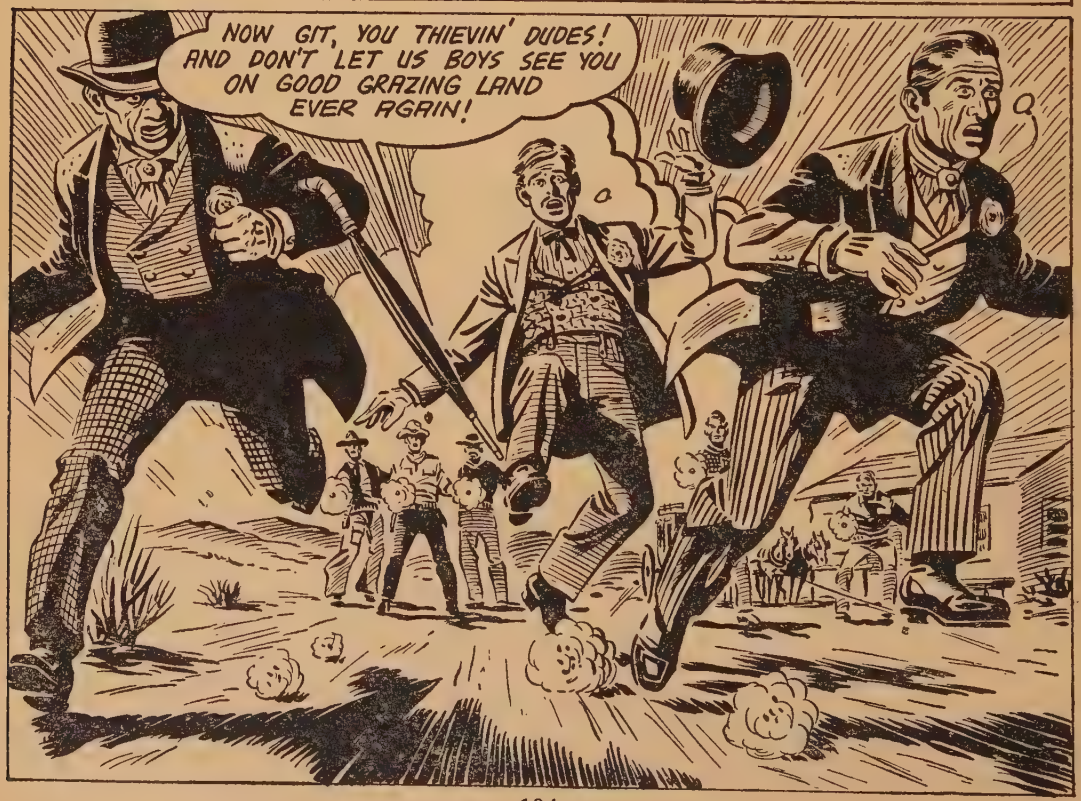
WITH THE TEMPTING AROMA OF BREAKFAST STILL IN HIS NOSTRILS, BOB SKIRTED THE CAMP AND RODE ON, REALIZING HE HAD TO REACH THE 'LAZY S' AHEAD OF THE IMPOSTORS . . . . . .

AT HIGH NOON, A FRESH MOUNT BENEATH HIM, BUT HIS OWN BODY SPENT, BOB WAS SPOTTED BY A RIDER FROM THE 'LAZY S' AS HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE RANCH HEADQUARTERS AT GERMAN SPRINGS. . . . . .



STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BOB SLAUGHTER WAS LAIN DOWN IN THE BUNKHOUSE, BUT THE FRIENDLY COWHANDS CAME ACROSS THE ORDER FROM HIS FATHER . . . .

LATE THAT AFTERNOON THE BOGUS GENTRY RECEIVED A WARM WELCOME FROM THE HANDS OF THE 'LAZY S' RANCH . . . . . .



LATER, COLONEL SLAUGHTER WAS RE-UNITED WITH HIS SON, AND THE BUNKHOUSE OF THE 'LAZY-S' WAS THE SCENE OF MUCH REJOICING . . . . . .

AN Boyhood

MOST WHITE boys would undoubtedly like their childhood to be as exciting as the Red Indians' boyhood. The Indians had no schoolhouse, for Mother Nature was their only school, and from the time they were two years old they started learning. Their training lasted all through their childhood and adolescence and every redskin boy found pleasure, thrills and fun in all the things he was taught. There was so much to learn!

But let us follow the childhood of an Indian boy from one of the great Plains tribes. He is the son of a chief, but he is no different from any other boy in the tribe. All boys were taught the same things and had the same advantages. It was up to the individual boy to try to excel in everything and so become a brave of outstanding courage and ability.

. . . . .

WHITE EAGLE, the majestic chieftain of the Oglala Sioux, was fiercely proud of his sturdy little son of two summers. His dearest wish was that Little Hawk would grow up to be the most fearless brave and the mightiest warrior in all the tribe.

They were walking in the woods on a lovely sunny day in the Moon of the Young Birds (June).

"My son," said the chieftain gravely, "it is time you learned how to run. See that butterfly?" And he pointed to a nearby bush over which a yellow butterfly was hovering. "I want you to run after it and catch it with your hands."

"Yes, my father." And with a happy laugh the chubby-faced boy set off after the butterfly. It led the little lad a merry chase, but eventually he caught up with it.

"That is good," smiled White Eagle as Little Hawk rushed up with the butterfly between his tiny cupped hands. "Now rub its wings over your heart and we will ask it to pass on to you its speed and grace so that you may become fleet-footed."

White Eagle firmly believed the old Sioux superstition, and it seemed to do the trick, for as Little Hawk grew older he became the fastest boy runner in the tribe!

Little Hawk had many friends his own age and they ran and played together. They were taught to swim, and to ride little mustang ponies which their elder brothers or fathers captured and tamed for them.

Indian children were greatly loved by their parents but were never chastised by them. As they grew older they automatically became obedient and they all had the deepest respect for their elders.

Little Hawk's serious training began when he was five years old, on a bitterly cold morning at dawn in December—or, as the Sioux called it, the Moon of the Hard Ice.

"My son," said White Eagle, waking the boy out of a sound sleep, "your baby days have ended. Already you can run like the wind and ride your pony with skill, and I am proud of you. But now the time has come to strengthen your body. You must be brave and not cry out at what I am going to do to you."

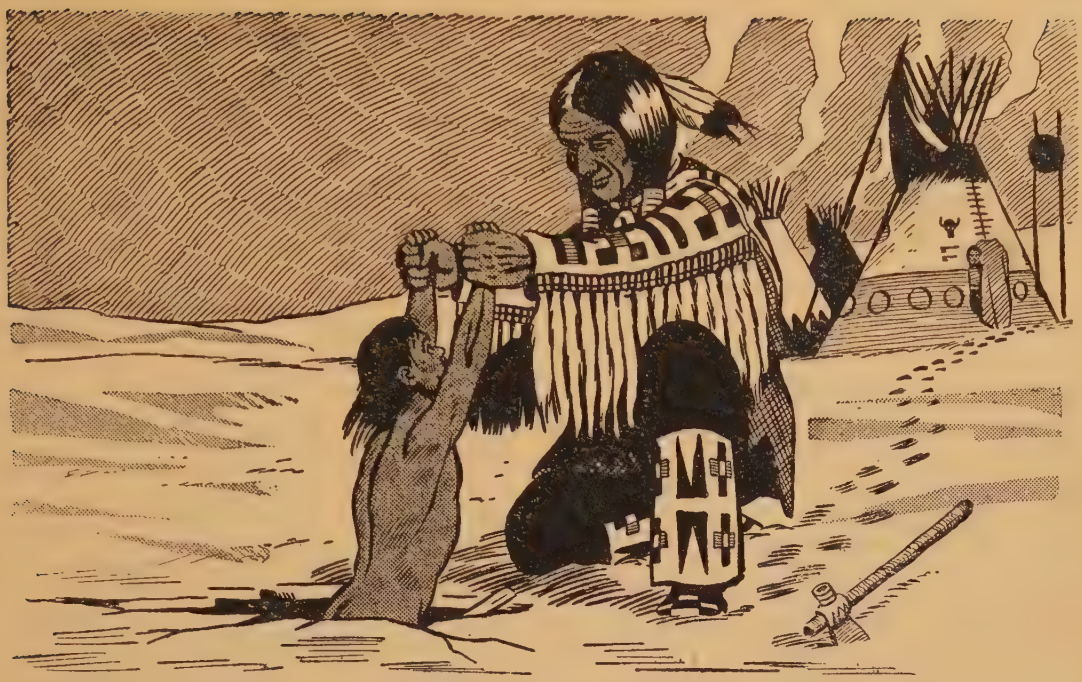
And before the sleepy-eyed boy could fully grasp what was happening his father threw back the warm buffalo robe covering him and proceeded to smack his little bare body sharply several times with a thin cane. Then, tucking him under his arm, White Eagle ran out of the tipi and down to the river. A layer of snow covered the ground and icicles hung from the trees. Making a hole in the thin layer of ice covering the water, the chief dumped the boy into the icy river.

Little Hawk gasped with shock as his smarting, tingling body sank beneath the breath-takingly cold water. He struggled to the surface and was at once hauled out by his father, who rushed him back to their tipi.

The whole thing was done in a matter of minutes; and although it was a terrifying experience for the boy, he had learned, even at that age, to be brave, and apart from his chattering teeth and an attack of violent shivering he gave no indication of how he felt.

"And that, my son, is how you will harden your body," said his father, wrapping a robe round Little Hawk. "Every morning from now on you will plunge into the river. All through your childhood you will first be beaten. For a time I will give you the beating, but as you grow older you and your friends will take turns in beating each other. Now I have used a thin stick, but later on you will be beaten with the tail of a beaver so that the beaver's power and strength in the water will be passed on to you."

While his father was talking a warm, pleasant tingling sensation spread over Little Hawk's body and he began to feel fine. And from that day on he always had his early morning beating and a quick dip in the river. Like all the boys in his tribe, he soon became a strong swimmer, and in the warmer days he and his friends spent hours in the river playing water games and holding races. Sometimes they took their ponies in with them and made the animals race while they hung on to their tails.



By the time Little Hawk was six his body was hard and firm. He was a picture of health and strength and was happy as the day was long. When his father gave him his first bow he was wildly excited. It was made of cedar and was small and light, and the arrows in the small quiver were short and blunt.

"It is a fine bow, my father, just like yours—only smaller!" exclaimed the lad. "Will you teach me to shoot now—this very minute? I want to be as good a marksman as you!"

"That will take much practice, my son," smiled White Eagle. "So you had better begin at once. The first thing I want you to do is to shoot an arrow as far as possible. Never mind about hitting a target, that will come later. Learn to shoot as far as you can and as fast as you can, for speed is very necessary for hunting and for war. A second arrow must often follow the first with lightning speed. But that will all come with practice. Your first lesson is to shoot your arrows beyond that cedar tree," and White Eagle pointed down the trail leading from the village. "Many times you have watched me and the other men in our tribe set arrows to bowstring. Let me see if you can do it correctly."

Eagerly the boy gripped his bow firmly in the centre with his left hand. He placed the arrow with his right hand, his index and second fingers straddling the shaft, his third finger pulling the bowstring. The end of his thumb was against the arrow notched into the string.

"That is right, my son," praised his father. "Remember, both hands and both arms must work together at the same time. The left must push and the right must pull at the same time so that the arrow will go far—and straight. You must be able to place the arrow in the centre of the bowstring without looking at it."

And so began Little Hawk's first lesson in archery. For countless hours for weeks and months the boy practised and never grew tired of practising. When he could shoot far and straight, then he concentrated on accuracy. The other boys of his age were learning at the same time and they were always holding contests. For targets they often used dried buffalo-chips, and Little Hawk was the first one to shoot three arrows out of five into the centre of a chip and to hit a rolling target—either a rounded piece of wood or a buffalo-chip.

PICTURE STORY OF BRAVE HEART HUNTING BUFFALO AND ANTELOPE, AND STALKING BEAR

"Now that you can handle your bow so well, my son, you must learn to shoot while mounted," said White Eagle. "But first you had better learn to hold a spare arrow. Try holding one or two arrows in your left hand with the bow. Remember to hold them point down, feathers up, so that when you reach for them with your right hand you won't scratch your left hand with the sharp arrowheads. When in danger, or in a fight, you can hold an extra arrow in your mouth—it is quicker than pulling it from your quiver. I think it is time you were given sharper arrows, some with good iron heads."

"I was hoping you would say that, my father," grinned Little Hawk. "Because when I can shoot well from the back of my pony, then I shall ask you if I may go on a buffalo hunt with you, and these blunt arrows would be of no use."

Shooting from horseback was great fun and Little Hawk enjoyed every moment of it. The hide of a buffalo was stretched between two trees and used as a target, and as he and his companions raced past on their ponies they would let loose their arrows, aiming for the centre of the hide.

After several weeks of practice Little Hawk was allowed to go on a buffalo hunt. It was the greatest thrill of all to try his skill at galloping alongside a racing buffalo, guiding his mount with his knees and driving his arrows into the shaggy creature's body.

Boys were taught to aim for the buffalo's hip joint and, as the animal fell down, to finish it off with more arrows. As they became more experienced, of course, they could send their arrows forward and downward through the buffalo's paunch, inflicting a mortal wound. If the arrows were placed properly they hit no bones and were usually driven down to the feathered tips. Such a skilful shot naturally took a great deal of practice. Indians only shot a required number of buffaloes, just enough for their livelihood. They never went on hunts for pleasure, as the white men did, and slaughtered countless thousands of the great beasts.

As time went on Little Hawk learned how to track down animals and men, to read signs, to cover up his own tracks, to move stealthily and quickly, to hunt and fish, to capture wild ponies and break them in, to imitate the calls of birds and animals, to throw knives and tomahawks, and to learn tribal ceremonial dances and songs. And all the time he and the other boys tried to imitate the warriors. They would listen wide-eyed to the older men's tales of daring and bravery on the war-path. As they gazed in admiration at the many feathered coup-sticks of the mightiest warriors each boy would vow that one day he too would perform great feats of bravery.

At last the day came when Little Hawk was proclaimed a brave. He was sixteen. Because he could outrun, outshoot, and outride any other boy of his age, and showed outstanding daring and courage, a tribal council was held and there it was decided that his childhood name should be changed to a more worthy one.

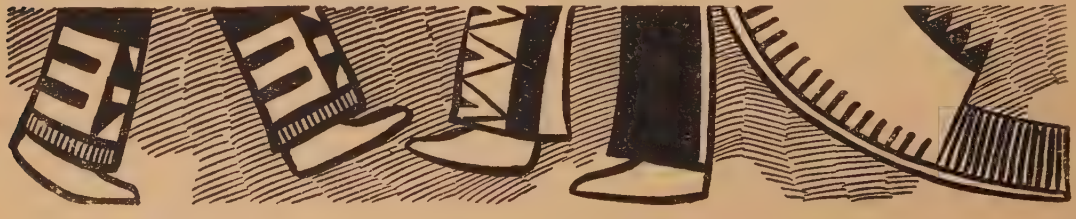
"Little Hawk, son of White Eagle, Chief of the Oglala, is one of the leading braves in this tribe," said the medicine-man, placing one bony hand on the muscular shoulder of the handsome youth standing erect before him. "From this day forth he shall be known as Brave Heart."

A grunt of approval went round the council circle of warriors and sub-chiefs, and White Eagle was filled with happiness and pride as he gazed up at his son.

"I am greatly honoured, O Wise One," said the brave in a clear voice, "and proud to be the possessor of so fine a name. I swear by all the spirits to live up to my new name and always be worthy of it, for I wish to become a mighty warrior."

"The tasks which lie ahead of you will not be easy, Young One. You must endure many hardships, much pain, and face great dangers before you can be proclaimed a warrior. But the spirits tell me that you will do great things and will overcome all difficulties," said the medicine-man. "The spirits have endowed you with strong medicine, Brave Heart."

The first test that Brave Heart undertook was the torture test. Sharp sticks were pushed under the skin of his chest and long ropes were tied to the sticks and then attached to a pole. He then had to dance vigorously, leaping about and jerking against the ropes until at last the skin gave way and he was freed. It was a most painful ordeal, and only the bravest of youths could stand such agony in silence.



Brave Heart's self-control was remarkable and there was not a peep out of him. As the frightful ordeal ended he was cheered by all the tribe. Healing ointment made from herbs by the medicine-man was immediately applied to his wounds, and in a very short time the pain ceased. Within a few days his wounds had healed, leaving only the scars to prove that he had gone through the torture test.

His test for courage was to go on a raid with the older warriors and count coup on the enemy. Each warrior carried a special stick and when he touched an enemy with the stick it was known as 'counting coup'. For every enemy he touched he was entitled to add a feather to his coup-stick.

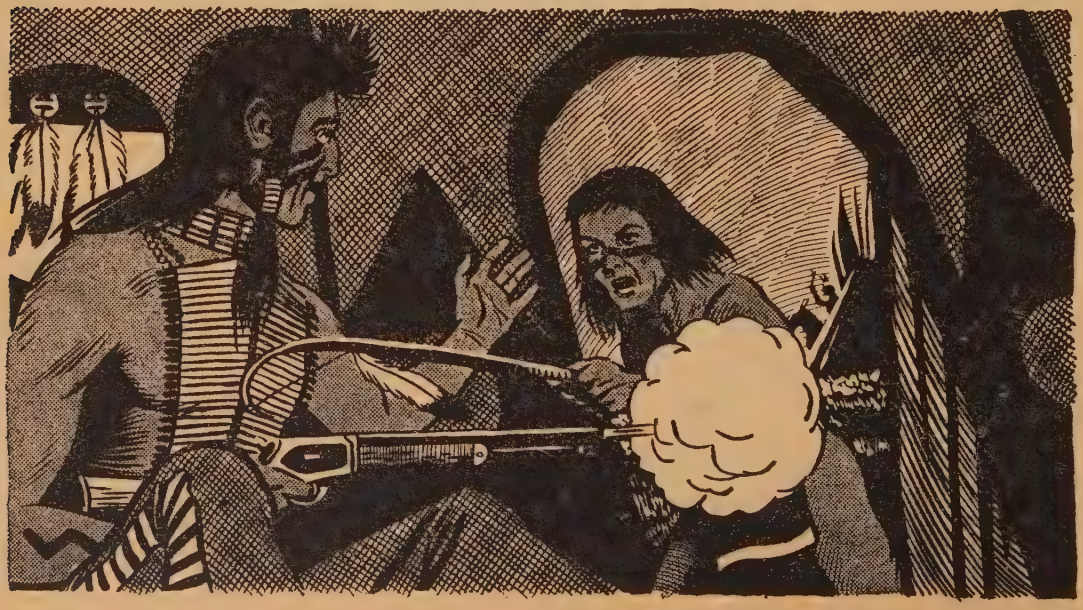
"As you know, my son," said the chief, "it is a greater honour and shows more courage to touch an enemy with your coup-stick than to kill him."

"Yes, my father. Only a brave man would run up to his enemy in the heat of battle, hit him with his stick and get away alive."

"To touch a dead man can be just as dangerous, Brave Heart. For often a man's friends protect his body and any warriors attempting to count coup on him would be open to attack.

"You must remember that you cannot count coup unless you have some witnesses," continued his father. "And when you touch your enemy you must call out loudly that you perform the brave deed of counting coup on a man who is brave amongst your foes. Many warriors lose their lives while counting coup, so act swiftly, my son."

The war-party which Brave Heart joined raided the camp of an enemy tribe, and the chief's son won his first battle honour by counting coup on one of the enemy, and returning to his own village with a string of captured horses. His witnesses told the story all round the camp and Brave Heart was cheered for his bravery.



PICTURE STORY OF BRAVE HEART ATTACKING ENEMY CAMP, COUNTING COUP, AND RIDING AWAY WITH CAPTURED HORSES

One of the most exciting and dangerous tasks Brave Heart tackled was plucking the tail feathers from a golden eagle. Golden eagles are huge birds and a blow from their powerful wings can kill a person instantly. They only leave their eeries two days out of every month to hunt for food, but the Indians knew exactly when the giant birds came out in search of food.

Brave Heart set off alone for the mountains, where he dug a pit large enough for him to hide in. He covered the top with leafy branches so that the hole could not be seen by the eagles. He next set about catching a young mountain sheep. This he tethered by one leg close to the covered hole.

At dawn on the day the eagles were due to hunt for food Brave Heart jumped into the pit, pulled the branches over, and waited.

He grew tense with excitement as he peeped through the branches and saw a formation of golden eagles flying towards him, their necks outstretched and their eyes scanning the mountainside for prey.

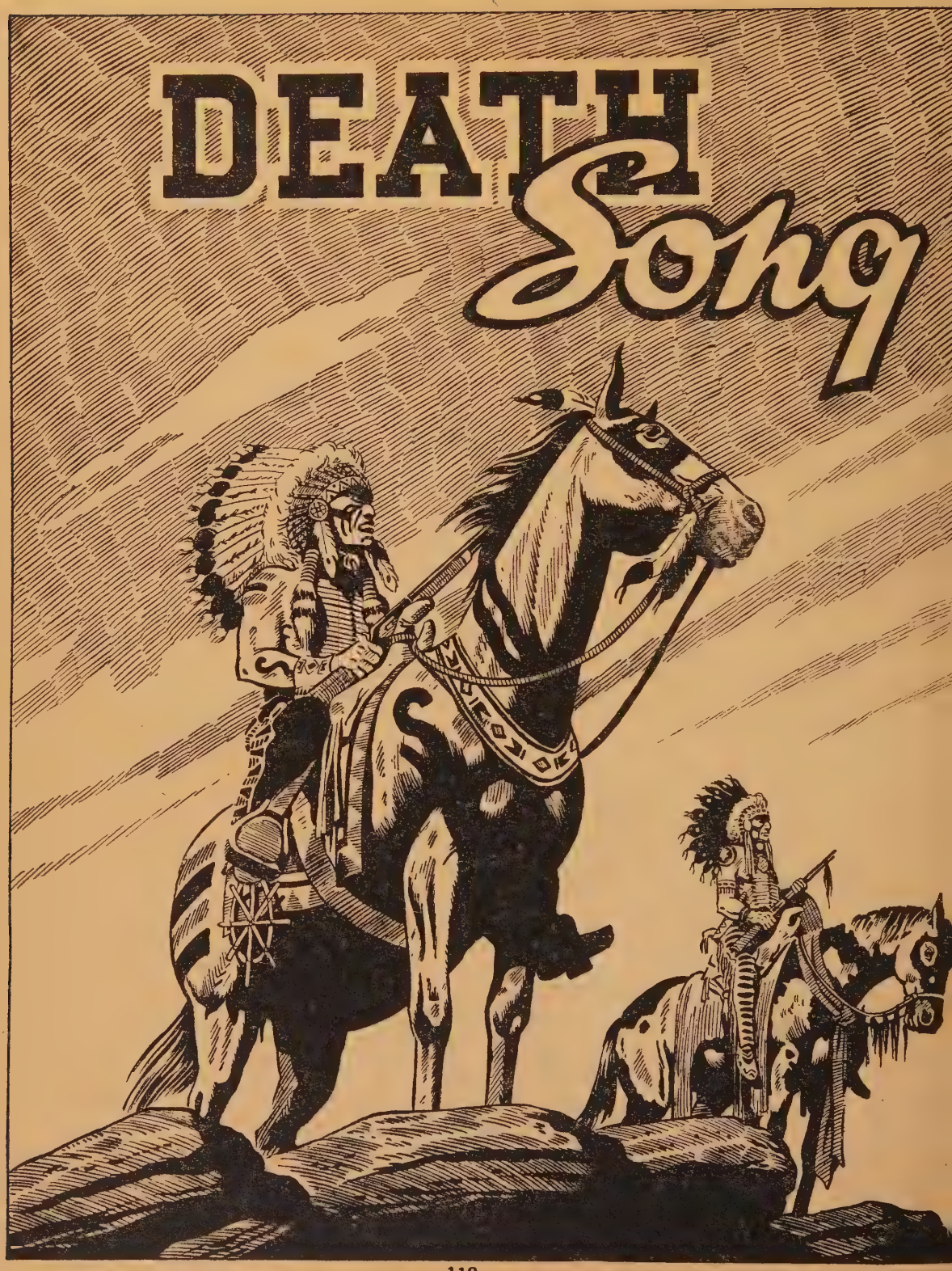
Suddenly one majestic bird spotted the tethered, bleating lamb. Instantly it checked its flight and swooped down like a flash towards the lamb. It was then that Brave Heart sprang into action. With a mighty bound he leaped up and seized the eagle by its left leg, above the claws.

The great bird let out a startled squawk and flapped its great wings. It was so strong it dragged Brave Heart clear out of his hole. But his father had warned him about that danger and had told him to twist the eagles' foot, which the youth did. The eagle let out another squawk of surprised pain, closed its wings and stood still.

Brave Heart scrambled back into his hole so as to get below the bird to get at its tail feathers. With his free hand he untied the terrified sheep which fled bleating for safety. And then he grabbed the eagle's tail and tugged! The infuriated bird struck at his hand with its free claw and viciously pecked it with its sharp beak, inflicting a deep wound, the scar of which Brave Heart proudly carried all the rest of his life. For like the scars on his chest, it served as a reminder of his undaunted courage.

Having got the tail feathers, he released the golden eagle and it rose rapidly in the air.

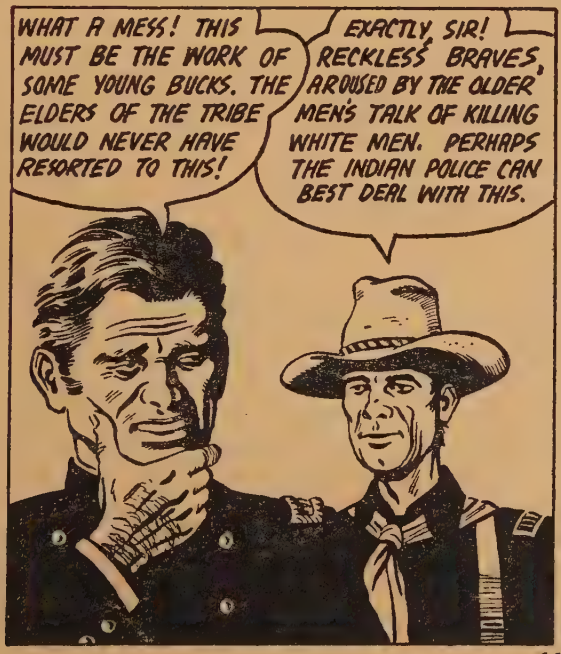
And so Brave Heart returned to his village with the eagle's feathers and was hailed as a hero. He had earned the right to wear two of the perfect feathers in his hair, and had proved himself a man and a warrior. His father's wish had been fulfilled.

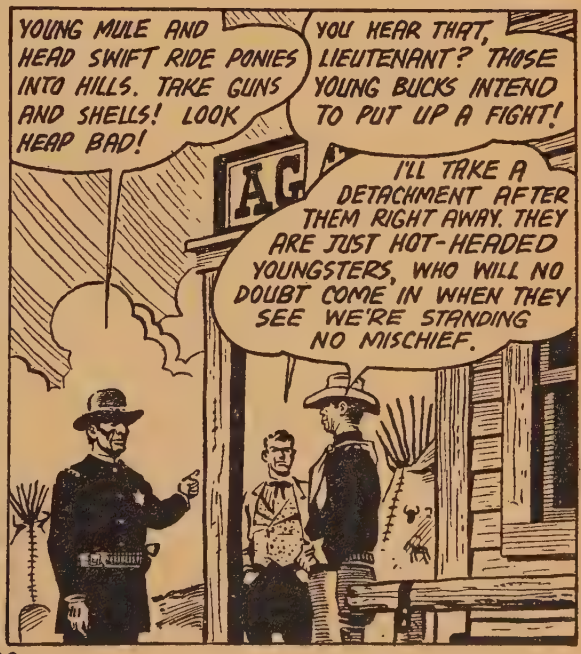

DEATH
Song

ON THE NORTHERN CHEYENNE RESERVATION IN MONTANA STOOD THE TEPEES OF HUNDREDS OF THESE FORMER FIGHTING MEN OF THE PLAINS. FOR SEVERAL YEARS THESE PROUD REDMEN HAD CAUSED LITTLE TROUBLE, BUT THERE WAS STILL RESTIVENESS AMONG MANY OF THE YOUNG BRAVES IN THE TRIBE. SENSING THIS, THE U.S. GOVERNMENT STATIONED THE FIRST CAVALRY ALONG LAME DEER CREEK, CLOSE TO THE INDIAN CAMP. THEN, EARLY ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING IN 1891, LIEUT. ROBERTSON WITH A DETACHMENT OF TROOPERS, MADE A GRIM DISCOVERY WHICH WAS TO LEAD TO ONE OF THE most FANATICAL DUELS EVER DEVISED BY CHEYENNE WARRIORS...

BACK AT THE ARMY POST THE LIEUTENANT REPORTED THE RANCHER'S DEATH TO HIS COMMANDING OFFICER MAJ. CARROLL.

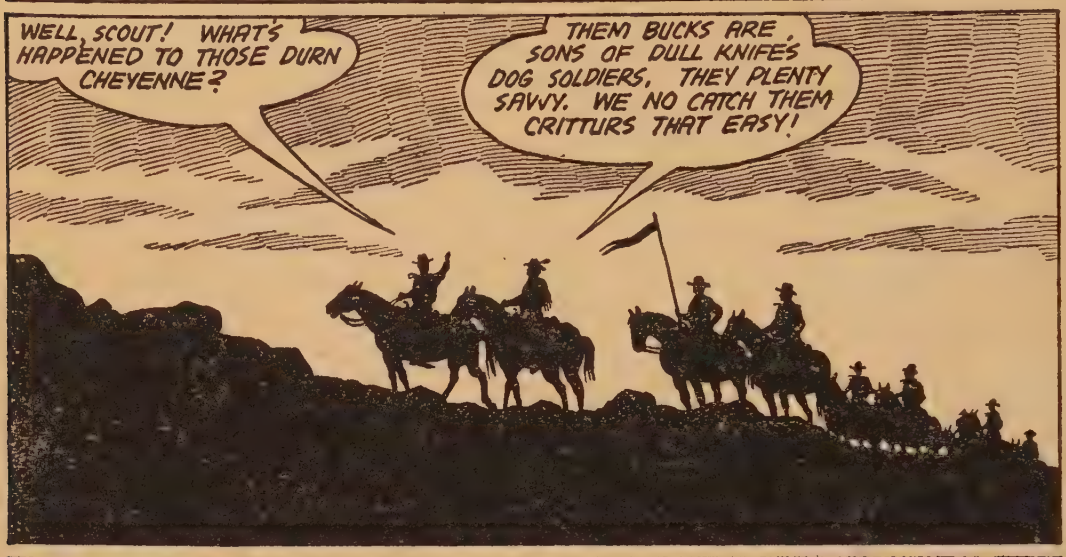
ONE WEEK LATER, THE POLICE REPORTED TO THE AGENCY WITH THE NEWS THAT TWO YOUNG BRAVES WERE MISSING. . . .





dan loughlin

DESPITE HIS ENTHUSIASM TO QUICKLY TRACK DOWN THE RENEGADES AND ESCORT THEM BACK TO THE RESERVATION, LIEUT. ROBERTSON SPENT FOUR DAYS IN A FRUITLESS SEARCH THROUGHOUT THE HILLS . . . . . .



SHORTLY AFTER LIEUT. ROBERTSON'S RETURN, A SCARRED VETERAN OF MANY SKIRMISHES WITH THE WHITE MEN APPROACHED THE INDIAN AGENT WITH STARTLING NEWS . . . . . .

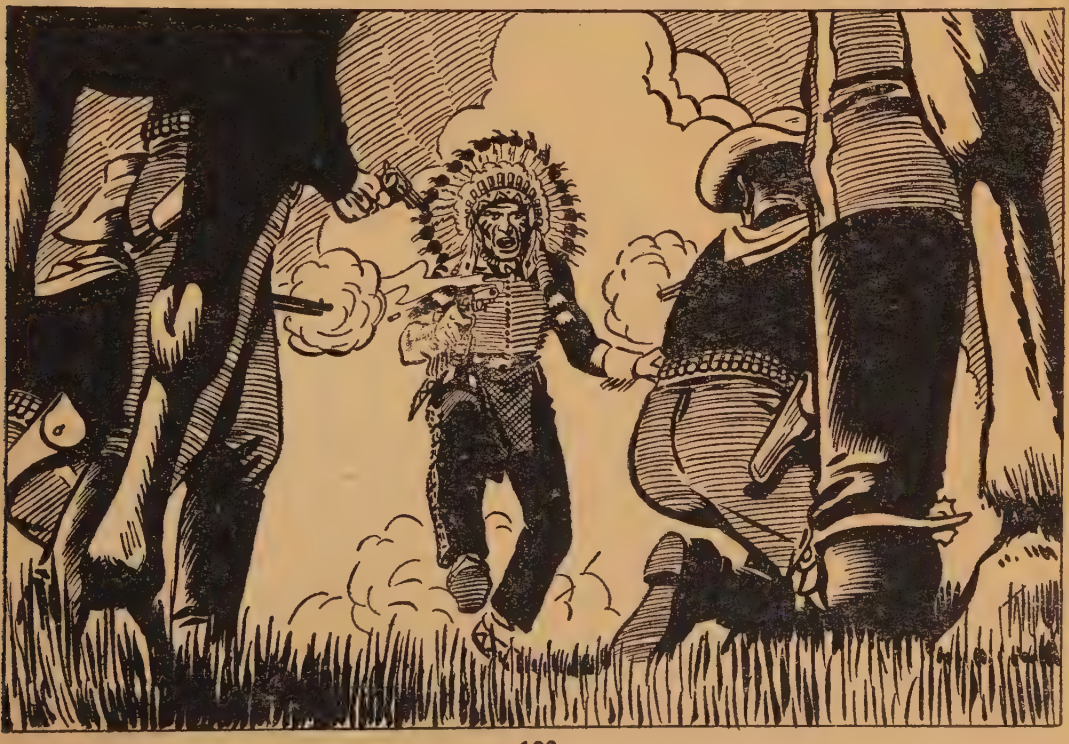
SOON THE FIRST CAVALRY WERE RIDING OUT ON ONE OF THE STRANGEST DETAILS IN ITS FRONTIER HISTORY. . . . . .
ORDERLY! SOUND BOOTS AND SADDLES! LIEUT. ROBERTSON WE'LL TAKE THREE TROOPS OF THE FIRST OUT RIGHT AWAY AND ACCOMMODATE THESE GLORY HUNTERS!
FORWARD YO-HO!
JUST AS I THOUGHT, NOT A SIGN OF THE RED RASCALS!
THEY'LL TURN UP MAJOR. JUST LOOK AT ALL THEM INJUNS. MUST BE THE WHOLE DURN CHEYENNE CAMP TURNED OUT TO SEE THEM CRAZY BUCKS. WON'T BE LONG NOW FER THEY'RE STARTING TO CHANT THEIR DEATH SONG. LOOK...!
WITH THE INDIANS' MOURNFUL SINGING IN HIS EARS, MAJ. CARROLL RAISED HIS PAIR OF BINOCULARS TOWARDS THE HIGHEST RIDGE WHERE TWO LONE INDIANS HAD SUDDENLY APPEARED . . . . . .

SCREAMING THE CHEYENNE WAR CRY THE TWO YOUNG BRAVES THUNDERED THEIR PONIES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CAVALRY, THEIR BRIGHTLY PAINTED BODIES SWAYING FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS THEY OPENED FIRE WITH THEIR WINCHESTERS...

MAJOR CARROLL, REALIZING THAT YOUNG MULE AND HEAD SWIFT INTENDED TO CARRY OUT THEIR FANATICAL PLAN, HAD HIS TROOPERS FIRE ON THE TWO INDIANS . . . . . .

HAVING RAISED HIMSELF FROM HIS FALLEN PONY, YOUNG MULE GRABBED HIS RIFLE AND . . . . . .

. . . . CHARGED MAJOR CARROLL'S COMMAND ON FOOT . . . . . .



BUT SECONDS LATER HE FELL FROM SHOTS FIRED BY THE SOLDIERS' CARBINES. . .
THEY'RE BOTH FINISHED, SIR!
YES, AND WHAT AN UNEQUAL DUEL IT WAS!

The End

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31 32 33 34 35 36

30

Rules

The first teamster to throw SIX
the lead in the wagon train, bu
doesn't add to his next score.
heed of the WHITE CIRCLES
making this great trek, and reme
you need the same Dice Numb
there are Finishing Squares b
settling in California.

29 28 27 26

25 24 23

15 16 17

22

14

18 19 20 21

13

12 11 10 9 8 7

37 38 39 40 41 42

California Bound

43

44

45

46

47 48 49 50

HAZARDS

Circle No.	
4.	Wagon wheel broken. Miss TWO turns.
7.	Horse herd strayed. Miss ONE turn.
12.	Wagon alighting here is joined by rest of train to corral against Indian attack.
16.	Fresh team horses. DOUBLE next throw.
23.	Smoke signals. Join wagon ahead or await arrival of following wagon for safety.
27.	Lost in mountain blizzard. Miss TWO turns.
33.	River flooded. THREE must be thrown to enable crossing.
38.	Cavalry escort. Proceed to SQUARE 42.
46.	Water supplies exhausted. Return to water hole alongside SQUARE 34.

START

6 5 4 3 2 1

GHOST TOWNS
FRONTIER DAYS
PIONEER TIMES

GUNFIGHTERS

INDIAN WARS